

THE REPUBLICAN.

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F. & L. W. GRANT.

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DOMESTIC BLISS.

There is a sacred spot on earth,
Which antedates our joys above;
'Tis where we sit, when toil is o'er,
With those we love.

Oh, in my waking dreams, I sit,
With the dear darlings of my life,
And gaze upon those treasured gems—
My child and wife!

The fleeting pleasures of the world,
Like darkening shadows, fade away,
And give us glimpses of the bliss
Which sooms decay.

Oh, wedded love! God's dearest gift
To render all His creatures blest,
'Tis only 'neath its smile we taste
A perfect rest!

The Painter's Model.

At the time they were building Rue Zareau, a young painter, named Rene, became an inmate of one of the few houses newly built. He had two apartments, one of which, as it had a skylight, he used as a studio. On the walls hung several half-finished sketches that evidently belonged to the new school, and, therefore, had not the exclusive sympathy of the master painter. Rene, notwithstanding this, followed his master, not as a pupil, but as a shadow follows the substance; and if, by chance, some individual sentiment was awakened, he systematically subdued it, as though he feared to introduce a schism in artistic religion.

Rene was not rich; still he could freely abandon himself to his vocation without fearing poverty, thanks to an annuity of twelve hundred francs, given him by his native place until he came to Rome. He worked assiduously to reach this end. This revenue was increased by lessons which he gave to beginners; so among the students he passed as a capitalist. He received few visitors; never remained late from home at night, and paid his rent regularly.

In a small, obscure room opening on the corridor near Rene's studio, lived a young Italian girl; for her livelihood she sang in the cafes and restaurants of the Quarter Latin. She was eighteen years of age, and her name was Clechina Mario. Her father, who at one time had some reputation in one of the secondary theatres of Italy, had sought refuge in France, on account of some political affair in which he had been innocently compromised. In avoiding a prison, the poor fellow found a hospital; as, after a few years' residence in Paris, he fell ill, and died at Hotel-Dieu. Alone in a strange country, where she knew no one, old Mario's daughter continued her Bohemian life, which yielded her enough to keep her from starvation. She lived retired receiving no visitors. Each day she left home regularly at the same hour, returning at about midnight. After her father's death, she became in arrears for the rent of her modest little room. As her furniture was valueless, the proprietor gave her notice that, if during the coming week her debt was not liquidated, she must depart. The given time expired without her having obtained the desired sum. Hoping to obtain some additional delay she sought the landlord. She explained that it was the dead season, that brighter days would follow, that soon the cafes would be frequented, and then her receipts would be productive. The man was inflexible and would not grant one day's delay.

"What can I do, monsieur?" asked the child.
"That is not my business."
"Grant me but one or two days' delay."
"Not one now; I warned you. Only until to-morrow; you have yet the night. To-morrow I will have my receipt ready, and if you have not the money you must be off. Being pretty, and not stupid, you can obtain it readily."
Clechina, fortunately, did not understand the grossness of his remark. She returned to her room, and passed the night in tears.

Rene, who was working in his studio heard her weep and sigh. At first he thought of offering, if possible, consolation; the night, however, was far advanced, and he, therefore, abandoned the idea. In the morning, however, he asked the woman who attended to the rooms the cause of his neighbor's sorrow.
Madam Jean, in a few words, explained.
"Then she will be forced to leave?"
"Yes, in one or two hours," replied Madam Jean.

Rene opened a drawer in which he kept his money, took from it the sum demanded by the landlord, and immediately liquidated the girl's indebtedness. The man smiled when giving the receipt, and, when bowing the artist from the apartment, said in a low tone:

"The girl's room is so near yours, I could have a communicating door cut through."
Rene did not reply; he returned to his apartment and gave the receipt to Madam Jean.
"Tell her to worry no more, the business has been attended to; and now I must be off to my master's studio." Clechina was amazed when the good news was announced.
"But," she exclaimed, "I do not even know the gentleman, and I do not believe he has ever seen me. Who told him of my embarrassing situation, and why does he feel this interest in me?"
"It is soon explained," said the housekeeper. "He heard you weep, he asked the cause, and I told him;

then he sympathized with you in your misfortune, and paid the debt. He is most charitable."

"Was it charity?" exclaimed the Italian proudly. "I will see the gentleman, will thank him, and sooner or later will return the money. I shall not always be so unfortunate. It will soon be Easter, the sun will then shine brighter. I will sing on Sunday in the Champs Elysees. The fashionable world will be there, and I shall be well recompensed for my songs."

That evening Clechina allowed her door to remain open, hoping to catch a glimpse of the artist as he passed, and be thus afforded an opportunity to thank him; she waited in vain. Rene did not return all night. In the morning Madam Jean was astonished to find his bed undisturbed.

"Ah!" she mentally exclaimed, "since he is not here, he must be elsewhere. This is a conundrum soon solved. She knocked at Clechina's door, and as she received no reply she entered. The girl was lying dressed, and sound asleep, upon the bed. She started and looked inquisitively at the housekeeper.

"Where is Monsieur Rene?" asked Madam Jean, looking inquisitively about the room. "Has he gone out already?"

"I do not understand you, madam. I have not seen Monsieur Rene, and this grieves me. I want to speak to him. I waited up all night, but he did not come home."

"This is most extraordinary," murmured the old woman. "Since I have known him, this is the first time he has ever remained away all night. Can any accident have happened? I must go as far as the studio; perhaps I can obtain some news."

"Oh! madam," said the Italian, hesitatingly, "when you return have the kindness to come and tell me if you have learned aught of Monsieur Rene. If any accident has happened to him I should be in despair."

"Then why not come with me to the studio, as you will thus know all as soon as I?"

"I will accompany you, madam," said the young girl, quickly putting on her bonnet and shawl.

They had not proceeded far when Rene came out of the institute in which the studio was located. Upon his arm he had a most singular-looking girl; she jumped about like a goat, and continually gesticulated.

"Right before us; that young girl who looks so queer is with him. Oh, I recognize her—she is a model."

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"In what studies have you ordinarily posed?" asked one of the many students who were present.

"I have never applied before," she answered. "I only knew this was one of the most celebrated; that is why I came."

The painters had all left their easels, and surrounded the stranger, who they most curiously examined.

"She is devilishly well made," remarked one of the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said another, "we know by heart all the women who come here as models; it seems to me a novelty would be a god-send."

"Are you a Jewess?" asked Rene.

"No, monsieur; I am a Neapolitan. My father was a Venetian, my mother Spanish."

"By George!" murmured a student, admiringly. Murillo crossed by Veronese!"

"Your duty is a most fatiguing one, mademoiselle," said Rene.

"I am young and strong," replied the young girl.

"Before engaging you, you must be seen," murmured Rene, in a low tone.

The girl's face suddenly became suffused with blushes.

"Good heavens!" said another of the students, "we do not doubt your beauty, but it is the custom, we must know to what school your nature belongs."

"I will do all required of me," replied Clechina, taking off her bonnet and shawl.

On a gesture from Rene, the students retired to the rear of the studio. The girl still hesitated. On seeing, however, a woman enter and stand in astonishment on the threshold, she unclasped her girdle and stood in her unveiled and perfect beauty.

"Ah!" said the newly arrived, addressing the Italian, "your guitar is not a success, I imagine, since, my dear, you desire to become a model."

"What do you mean, Clara?" inquired Rene.

"Did you not know mademoiselle was a celebrated virtuoso in this neighborhood? She sings like a nightingale, and I have often given her a sou. Is not this all true, little one? Besides, I do not think it proper for her to come here to infringe upon my rights. I bet, Rene, you told her to come."

"I did not. Why do you think I did?"

"She lives in your house. I have met her in your corridor. Oh, put on ignorance, do."

Rene looked at Clechina; she became pale as death.

"For mercy's sake, monsieur, take me hence."

She did not pray in vain.

That same evening Clechina, seated beside Rene, related her history, and the metamorphose she had experienced since she knew him. She told him of her love, her jealousy, and the wound her pride had received.

"Why did you wish to become a model?"

"You had obliged me, and I had no means of repaying, you had succored me, but were perfectly indifferent; my pride was touched, I therefore made the application at the studio. Believe me, I suffered—I was ashamed."

"And now," asked Rene, whose heart was touched, "do you consider me your creditor?"

"Now," replied Clechina, it is different. You are my friend. Since you do not love Clara, you will perhaps love me."

One month after the above episode Rene brought a magnificent picture to the studio. It represented Venus rising from the sea. When the students saw this *chef d'œuvre*, there was a simultaneous hosanna of admiration.

"Who painted that?" asked the master on entering the room.

"I did, monsieur," replied Rene.

"You! This was painted by you? Are you certain? I am really astounded. I never expected such perfection. Then you were only pretending you had but little talent?" Rene hesitated a moment before answering. The master, still examining the *chef d'œuvre*, and speaking to himself, "This is the new school he has passed to this evening," he was heard to murmur.

"I hoped you would give me some advice, monsieur," resumed Rene.

The master smiled, and, with mild irony, replied, whilst pressing amicably his pupil's hand:

"Advice from me? One of these days it is I who will ask you for information. I predict it."

Saying these words, he left the studio.

"The devil!" said one of the students. "I thought I recognized this Venus. She is the guitar girl!"

"That may be possible," replied Rene; "but, gentlemen, you have heard her for the last time. She is my friend."

"Your friend?" retorted his listeners.

"Yes, my friend, my love, and soon will be my wife."

"Well, old fellow, of your model I will say this much, she is simply perfect, and you ought to be a happy painter."

"I am a happy painter, and still more, a happy man."

Giving Yails in England.

Nothing is more curious than the intense reluctance of English people to do away with a practice which many of them denounce and none of them cordially approve which costs them money involves inconvenience, and helps to keep up a difference of classes which one-half at least of those who give regard with a strong theoretical dislike. The sensible man does not deny that an unearned gift is an alms that an alms given to one who can live without it pauperizes, and that to harden all men against the tendency to pauperism is a moral duty of a definite kind; but while assenting fully to the argument he puts his hand to his pocket for the expected shilling. The thrifty man will acknowledge fully that his waste on petty gifts make up a large portion of his silver expenditure, much larger than the proportion at which he recently fixed it, but will give all the same, as readily as the judicious man who grumbles, sometimes audibly—and rather unfairly—that all gifts are, sooner or later, gifts of drink. He gives, nevertheless. And even the just man, who knows that in giving his shillings at a railway station he is directly depriving second and third class passengers of their fair proportion of attendance, nevertheless, though he asserts the proposition, gives them just as readily, or at all events just as freely, as if he had not asserted it. Here and there an exceptionally firm man or an exceptionally conscientious woman will hold out, and sacrifice a little time and temper to the welfare of society, but, as a rule, everybody who can give, gives, and a great many who cannot, till we have seen working women, whose bundles had been carried to the edge of the platform, apologize for not having the twopenny to spare which they thought either right or polite—we never could make out which—to give in return for the attention. As to the well-to-do, they give every day, and all day long. If you stay at a friend's house, you give to the servants; if you shoot, you tip the gamekeeper; if you are driven, you reward the coachman; if your horse is bailed, you pay the hostler as well as the inn; if an urchin opens a cab door, he gets a copper, and if a cabman restores the book you have forgotten you pay him for his honesty or his consideration. A properly disposed English corpse would tip the hearse-driver, if it only could.—*The Spectator.*

Dangers of the Deep—An Exciting Scene—Wearing Ship Round Cape Horn.

All day long the battle rages, and the following midnight the sea is terrible. The captain tells his chief mate, "We must wear ship, sir, before it gets worse. They say 'a fortress is no stronger than its weakest side,' and the weakest side of this thing is in-shore. On the other tack we shall probably work out of the strength of the gale; certainly head up to the sea better, and be ready to take advantage of a sudden shift of wind, instead of being in danger of getting caught aback." He glances at his chart and finds he has a good offing, plenty of room to stand in-shore. The hands are called; the mizen-top-sail is furled; the cross-jack yard hauled in; two of the best helmsmen in the ship put at the wheel; 20 pairs of stout arms lay hold of the main-brace and stretch it along the decks to a good safe place for holding the turn. Our captain is on the after-house overlooking for a chance to keep the ship off. There is little to choose in such a sea as this, but as a rule the heavy rollers go in triplets, one right after the other, then there is a lull for a bit before another trio comes along.

As the last of a set of these gigantic seas rolled away over the lee, our captain cried: "Hard up your helm!"

"Hard up it is, sir." "Haul in your weather main brace." "Haul in the weather brace, sir." It is the response. The ship slowly pays off a bit. "Well, that! hold on all!" The spoon drift flying over the ship completely blinds him, and makes him gasp for breath.

"Does she get off any?" he cries to the man at the wheel. "No, sir!" The gale is now shrieking and roaring with perfect madness.

The captain tries to speak to his chief, but cannot make him understand a word. "She pays off, sir!" cries the man at the wheel, watching the compass. "Yes, she goes off!" "Now haul in your weather brace!" In vain they haul. It is too much for them. They cannot start it an inch, it blows so. "Call the man off the lookout to help Mr. Triton! He is the carpenter, cook and steward there? Quick! get them all hold here. One of you men at the wheel get hold of the brace. Now! now is our time! Haul!" The captain himself takes the vacant place at the wheel; the ship gives a weather roll which causes the topsail, and in comes the yard. "There she comes!" roars the mate, hauling like a giant. "Quick! your play! in there quick!" The ship gathers headway, and now flies before the wind with railroad speed. For the awful waves lift their heads, crowned with phosphorecent light, high above our heads; the ship has got dead before it, and how she rolls! "Now haul quick for dear life! There! well! haul that! Away forward to your head yards! Slack away to port! Round with them lively, men! Steady a port! Keep the ship as you go! Don't come to any more yet; you'll have the head yards aback! All right!" The wind has caught the low topsail just right, and it takes all three masts to hold the yards as they whirl around

the masts. "Now let her come up gradually. Now if we are lucky enough not to get one of those seas aboard," mutters the captain. "Belay your forebrace! Haul taut to windward!" The wind is now broad on the ship's port side.

The hands are all on the weather bow brace. "Look out for yourselves," screamed the captain. A heavy sea comes on, coming high above the rail, breaks on board and completely hides every man from sight. The ship emerges from it, staggering to her very center, and shakes it off. Some of the men with the mate hold their grip to the brace, some are washed forward. "Meet her with your helm, steady." The ship is held to the sea now, and safe. The main yard is braced sharp up, and we are heading in for land. After everything is secure the captain calls the mate thus: "Mr. Triton, is anybody hurt? are your men all safe?" "All safe, sir."—*Boston Journal.*

The Horse in Art.

Animal painting as a distinct branch of art, exercising the highest powers of study, and requiring the most refined knowledge of curve and color, was unknown to the medieval painters, and was first developed by the Dutch school, which devoted its technical care and skill to the representation of horses, dogs and cattle. Landscape painting was gradually developed by the religious artists of Catholic time, who required backgrounds for their Madonnas and saints, becoming infinitely tender in Raphael, and intensely powerful with Titoret, Titian and Bellini until it became a separate and delightful school about the time of the Reformation. So it was with animal painting, although horses appear in art at a much earlier date, being found admirably drawn and modeled, with all the force of action and truth of muscular expression among the remains of the Assyrians and Greeks, as may be seen in the low relief carvings of the one, and the sculpture and the genius of the other. Some of the cuttings in precious stones are marvel of the age in which they were executed, and show the most thorough knowledge of equestrian anatomy in the lapidaries who made them.

Vandyke and Rubens were the first to do the horse justice in art, frequently giving him more beauty of form, liveliness of action and vivid expression than his rider.

The genius of the French first, in modern times, grappled with the equine, as the old masters had with the human subject, and Geraint, best known by his picture of "The Ratt of the Medusa," drew the horse with immense power and truth. In his drawings, as in the works of Veronese and Volasquez, we find that sympathy with the inner life of our four footed friend which brings him into close communion with humanity, and paints not only the outward form, but the instinct so nearly approaching reason which he enjoys.

English horse paintings commenced during the first half of the last century, and in the lordly castle, baronial hall, and country seats of Old England may be found excellent portraits of celebrated racers, trotters, hunters and roadsters before the days of Flying Chippers, Eclipse and the Knight of the Whistle.

Some of the names of these early horse painters have come down to us, among them John Wootton, James Seymour, George Stubbs, Gilpin and the celebrated George Moreland, whose reckless career was passed between a pothouse and a prison. He painted horses with wonderful vim and gusto, and some of his best works lose nothing in comparison with the works of Landseer or Herring.

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AND

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HAMES & CALDWELL,

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TERMS CASH.

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

Oh! if my 'love' offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master her,
I'd whip her with a foalster.

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyrannize declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her a ways bear it.

If still she tried to snub and sigh,
And throw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses.

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm 'round her waist about
And punish her with kisses.

Forsaken.

"It is an insult deep and deadly,
which I can never forgive! We part
here, at once and forever, Grosvenor
Strong."

The speaker, a tall, fine looking
woman, apparently some thirty years
of age, turned from her companion with
a flushed face and flashing eyes, and
laid her hand upon the door.

Grosvenor Strong laid his own hand
upon hers. The touch was a light and
trembling one, for the proud man was
deeply moved. As he stood there beside
her struggling for composure before he
spoke, his broad chest heaved once or
twice, and his firm lip quivered. There
was also a dimness akin to tears in his
deep blue eyes. But this she did not
see.

"Stop one moment, Alicia!" he
said at last. "That door once closed
between us shuts out your life from
mine as surely as the grave itself! I am
not naturally a meek or humble
man, as you well know, and you have
tried my temper and pride this evening
as they have never been tried before.
But I can bear much from you, Alicia,
because I love you. And so—"

She dashed his hand away impetuously.
"I, too, have my pride and my temper."
Grosvenor Strong, though you seem to
fancy that I was born to submit patiently
and quietly to all your exactions. I
tell you, sir, that what you have said to
me this night is nothing more or less
than an insult, which I will not
endure."

"God knows I did not mean it so,
Alicia," he said sorrowfully.
"Not heeding him, she went out.
"I have borne too long with your
pride and your imperious will, that
would convulse the world itself, rather
than be bent or broken! I will bear it
no longer! Our engagement is dissolved
from this moment, sir. And if I
ever forgive what you have said to me,
it will be on my death bed, or at yours."

His blue eyes flashed fire. A sudden
color flushed the statuesque beauty of
his face, and the firm set of his mouth
gave firmer still.

"As you will, Madam," he muttered
between his clenched teeth.
And the next instant he snatched his
hat from the table, a door opened and
closed violently, and he was gone.

Alicia Starr went slowly up to her
own room, and locking the door, sat
down and counted in solitude with
heaviness of heart the wages she had
received.

A widow, with an independent
fortune, she had, till the previous year,
known nothing of love except its name.
She had regarded her husband, who
was many years her senior, with a calm
and quiet affection, which had merged
at his death, into a calm and decorous
regret.

Occupied by the management of the
large property he had left her, she turned
a deaf ear to those who would gladly
have come to woo, till chance or fate
or very possibly the evil genius of her
life, threw Grosvenor Strong in her
way. He was a lawyer, and to him
she had confided the management of
certain business matters connected with
her estate. Singularly handsome,
wealthy, of good birth and with polished
courteous manners, the grave, stern-
looking lawyer succeeded where many
others had failed. In spite of his forty-
eight years, and the coldness of his
usual manner, he won the prize which
many younger men would gladly have
won, and became the accepted lover of
the beautiful and stately woman who
loved him with all the ardor of a
tropical nature awakened to the
knowledge of its own strength and fire
and fervor for the very first time. How
then did they quarrel, and that so bit-
terly, do you ask.

Ah reader, well you know that "a
trifle light as air" can breed dissension
between those who love like this. The
cause itself was but slight. It was the
passionate, angry words, the cruel
sneers, the looks, almost of hatred,
from eyes that had only spoken love
before, that caused the parting; and
both were proud, too proud to yield.

So, after a few days, the pretty villa
was partially closed, and left in the
care of two old servants, who were to
look after the saddle and carriage horses
and all the pets which the mistress-
of the place had gathered round her from
time to time. And Mrs. Starr's name
began to be seen here and there, among
the list of fashionable
arrivals and departures at watering
places and mountain resorts during
the summer. And Grosvenor Strong
remained in his own place, doing his
work, and meeting the gossip, the
rumors, the wondering looks, the skil-
ful inquiries of his friends and acquaint-
ances, as best he might—in silence.

The marriage was broken off, that was
certain. And the usual "nine days
wonder" extended itself over three
times that space of time. Yet, from
Mrs. Starr or Mr. Strong, not one single
word of explanation ever came to set
the public mind at rest. And so, after
some weeks, the rumors died away, and
the lawyer was left in peace—if peace,
indeed, was with him.

Three years afterwards, in the dusk
of a winter's evening, a stately female
robed in velvet and costly furs, glided
up the gravelled walk that led to the
lawyer's door.

It was Mrs. Starr.
Her pride had yielded to her love at
last! She had returned that very day
to her own home, and without asking a
single question of the servants, who
welcomed her, with a sort of wondering
pity in their looks, which at the time
she did not notice, she waited only for
the friendly twilight to screen her from
observation, before she sought her lover
to tell him, that the estrangement of
years was at an end, that love had con-
quered, that she was true and fond—
—he forgave her.

He was proud and haughty, and a
violent tempered man. Be it so! She
loved him, faults and all! She could
not live without him! Let her yield if
one of the two must yield! Let his
yoke be on her proud neck, so only that
his loving arm would round her, his
faithful heart her refuge and her home.

The house looked strangely dark and
still. The blinds were closely drawn at
the front windows. At the side next
the street the shutters were closed.
The ringing of the door bell roused a
host of echoes within the darkened hall.
And presently a sad-visaged middle aged
housekeeper presented herself, candle
in hand, and nearly dropped the light
when she saw the pale and agitated face
of the visitor.

"Mrs. Starr!" she gasped.
"Hush!" said the lady; and entering
she closed the door. "Say nothing.
Where is he?"

"In there!" said the housekeeper
slowly, as she pointed to the closed
doors of the parlor.
"I must see him."

"You had better not; indeed, ma'am
you had better not!" said the house-
keeper, who seemed strangely moved
and agitated.

"I must! I will! Why do you speak
like that? Is he alone?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I have only just
left the room—"

"Then stay out a few minutes more.
No one must be there when we two
meet."

She turned to open the door.
"Take the light," said the housekeeper.
"Oh, dear, dear, that ever I should
live to see this day!"

Mrs. Starr softly opened the door.
No voice welcomed her. No stately
form rose to meet her. Nothing broke
the solemn silence, which was like that
of the tomb.

What did it mean! Why had that
woman wept when she entered here?
Where—where was he.

She held the light on high, and looked
about the room.

A portrait in a gilded frame hung
up upon the wall beneath the windows.
Beneath the portrait—what?
A rosewood coffin, studded with silver,
with silver nails, and with garlands of
exotic flowers strewn upon its darkly
polished surface, and with its silver-
plated lid turned down.

Within that coffin the face of the
portrait, with the life and light and
bloom gone out forever.

Pale, cold and silent, but beautiful as
a statue he lay before her.

Long, long she looked upon him, for-
getful and unheeding of her presence
for the first time since they two had met
and loved.

The housekeeper, growing frightened
at the strange silence, opened the door
at last.

The mourner turned and made one
step toward her.

"When—when?" she gasped. "Oh,
God!" and throwing up her arms with
a wild cry of passionate despair, she
fell senseless at the woman's feet.

The lawyer's funeral issued from that
house the third day afterward. It was
attended by the whole town, and the
chief mourner, who sat by the head of
the coffin shrouded in widow's weeds,
was Mrs. Starr.

Many eyes were upon her as she rose
to take her last look of that beloved face
ere the lid of the coffin was closed.
Long, long she gazed upon the still
majestic beauty of lip, and cheek and
brow; a few watching eyes were dry
when she bent down to kiss those cold
and silent lips for the last time. No
tear was shed, no sob was uttered by
her. Her heart wept tears of blood the
while; but her eyes were dry, and her
manner was calm and composed, even
when the icy folds fell heavily upon
her coffin, and her dead was buried from
her sight forever.

The great wealth of the lawyer was
left unconditionally, to his "dearest
friend," Alicia Starr, in token of his
unchanged love, and of his full and free
pardon for all the pain her desertion
had caused him.

Did she weep when these things were
brought to her? If so, it was a secret.
No one ever saw those proud eyes
dimmed with a single tear.

But oh, the weariness of her spirit!
Oh, the utter desolation of her heart
and home! Years have passed away
since her bereavement, but the dead is
not forgotten and the pang of that

awful separation is keen as ever within
her tortured heart. So must it be till
the end of life shall come.

Reader, if it is with you as with her,
oh hasten to amend your error while
there is yet time. For fearful is the
power which the dead have over the
living, and bitter beyond measure is
the consolation of a forgiveness which
is spoken from a grave!

Testing a Lens—The Most Delicate Work in
the Making of a Telescope.

One of the most interesting and deli-
cate operations incident to the making
of a telescope, especially a very large
one, is that of testing the glasses, after
they have been polished or adapted to
the instrument in hand. Some facts
descriptive of the process are thus given
in a recent letter from Cambridgeport,
Mass.:

For the purpose of testing a glass of
a telescope it is necessary that every
ray of light be excluded in the opera-
tion. For this purpose Mr. Clark has a
tunnel under the ground. The glass is
placed in a portable receiver under
ground (in the basement) and the en-
trance to the same is securely closed
against daylight, only a small hole be-
ing allowed through which the eye of
the operator can see the image of the
object which is formed at the focus.

The tunnel used by Mr. Clark is 230
feet in length and about a foot in diam-
eter, and as one peers through it, the
rays of light, twinkling and blinking
at the opposite end, have the appear-
ance of a star, so complete is the optical
darkness. The necessity of testing the
glasses in this manner is obvious, and
many long and anxious months are
often employed in perfecting them be-
fore finally adjusting them in their
proper place. The grinding and polish-
ing process, which in some respects
involves the secret of a superior tele-
scope, is a very slow and very intricate
process.

Mr. Clark, Sr., once told me that he
could grind a month on a glass and
change its power perceptibly every day,
and probably would not remove a tenth
part of a grain in weight. The glasses
in a telescope, too, are very sensitive.
The vital importance of securing equi-
librium of all parts of a very large in-
strument is best illustrated by the fact
that a pressure of the hand on the back
of a glass, no matter if it be six inches
in thickness, produces a flexure suffi-
cient to distort the image of a star.

Another part of the process, equally
interesting, is thus described by the
Hartford Times:

When the glass has been reduced to
such a seemingly perfect outline as to
render it impossible to detect any im-
perfection by either fine mathematical
appliances, or eye or touch, it is tested
not only in the dark tunnel, but in ac-
tual trial on the stars, and on a terres-
trial target, the face of which is lined
off in mathematical squares. If any
defect is discovered, its locality on the
glass is ascertained by sticking patches
of wet paper over the surface inch by
inch, till repeated trials show at length
that the defective spot has been cov-
ered—and then the paper is removed,
inch by inch, till the decision of the
last piece is confirmed by that method.

Then, Mr. Clark himself takes the
glass, and gently and slightly rubs the
offending spot with the naked ball of
his finger—using no power or anything
but the bare skin, which he keeps soft
and susceptible. It is surprising that
a few slight, soft touches with the ball
of the finger should remove a defect in
the glass, but that is what is actually
done. If the defect is found, on trial,
not to be entirely corrected, the process
is repeated until perfection is attained.

Mr. Clark, who is 72 years old, and is
assisted by his two sons, is still believ-
ing in the keen eyesight and delicate
touch for manipulating an object glass
which distinguished him twenty years
ago. The 26-inch object glass which
he made for the Washington observa-
tory, and which cost alone about \$33,
000, has already discovered what no
other glass, from Galileo's down to
Proctor's, had ever seen, viz., the moons
of Mars.

A similar glass, which was ordered,
at a similar price, some years ago by
Chicago McCormick, of "reaper" fame,
has never yet been called for; but it is
not likely to wait long for a customer if
Mr. McC. declines to take it. We be-
lieve it was while testing one of his
unequalled glasses that Mr. Clark dis-
covered the companion star to Sirius.

On Gunning.

"Cool fresh air is better than pills;
tramps through the woods far better
than squills; better for aches and bet-
ter for ills, than quinine by the pound;
what is the odds if you soil your clothes,
or scratch the delicate end of your nose
in dodging a briar that lazily grows in
your path on the hunting ground. Car-
rying a gun that is as heavy as lead,
and looking aloft for a bird that is fed
to another tree where it oft has fed,
and thanks in songs it gave; with bend-
ed neck and bended back, until they're
ready to split and crack, (in gunning
that's the secret) to creep like an
Indian brave. Mosquitoes buzz and
perch and bite, and spiders spin their
webs so light, 'tis the gunners pleasure
—pure delight; far better than going
to fish from early morn till dewy eve;
tired to death (who would believe) and
both the silent woods to leave to take
his homeward way; hungry, footsore,
weary and worn, better far he'd never
been born; dusty, grimy and forlorn,
and nary a bird that day."

The beauty that is in the heart will
eventually shine out in the counte-
nance.

Grandmothers.

There is a great difference between
grandmothers of to day and those of
thirty years ago. Then grandmother
was a quiet old lady, slightly rheumatic,
if not more so; much given to snuff
and the pipe, simple in tastes, and
altogether home and knitting-work
like. Her dress must be comfortable,
with plenty of cloth taken in at the
seams, and a tuck or two above the hem,
to allow for making over. She had one
little vanity, and that was her cap,
which must be snowy white, with a
proper nice frill about the face. In
those days grandmother's silks, satins,
laces and jewelry were relics of young-
er days, upon which her grandchildren
delighted to feast their eyes and imagine,
the wrinkles all smoothed away from
her withered face, and grandame dressed
up for the ball where she first cap-
tured grandfather.

Grandmother's heart was set on things
above and beyond this tinsel and var-
nish of earth which tinselteth in an
hour. With eyes ever heavenward, she
strived so to live that she might soon
reap the reward of the faithful work-
er through the long day, unto the sunset,
in the vineyard of life.

Dear blessed grandmothers of those
days, the car of change has moved on
and on since the green grass waved
over your graves, and it is well the
dead return not again to flesh, for now
there is no place for you. The grand-
mother now-a-days is another sort of
creature altogether. Her sphere is in
active busy life. To her the comforting
old clay pipe is a total stranger. A
dilatation or negotiation for second
marriage would be more in her line.
Sewing for the poor societies, church
fund associations, orphan schools, edu-
cation of negroes, evening schools for
the working classes—all these efforts
for the public engross her time and
attention.

She wears the rich dresses, laces, and
diamonds, while the young ones wait
for their splurge in the good time
coming, the order of things being thus
reversed since "lang syne. But the
misses do not wait long, for girls become
women of responsibility, mothers, and
grandmothers in an astonishing few
years. Married at fifteen; many young-
er. Daughter at sixteen, who grows
up, marries, and has a baby at sixteen
or seventeen, making grandmother of a
fine elegant woman of thirty-three or
four years just in her prime. Not
quite an appropriate figure for a snug
corner at home, smoking knitting, or
darning stockings, telling of the long
age when she was a girl—only a
caricature of the real old-time grand-
mother. A few veterans are lagging be-
hind, living beyond the allotted
three-score and ten, stray landmarks
which the storms of a few more seasons
will fully erase. Then the new grand-
mother will be thoroughly inaugurated,
a settled testimony of the fast age in
which we live.

An Indian Legend—An Aborigine St.
George and the Dragon.

The Nez Percés Indians hold to the
doctrine that all the various tribes of
Indians sprang from a low order of
creation. The peculiar process of de-
velopment or metamorphosis by which
they have attained to their present es-
tate they are cunning enough not to
disclose or attempt to philosophize upon
—passing over a long period of transi-
tion and becoming full-fledged, sturdy
sons of the forest in a moment of time.
Thousands of years ago there existed
an animal of immense size away off to
the southwestern part of the country
now occupied by the Nez Percés. It
was the largest of all the animal crea-
tion, and known as the "Hl-wan-ah-shi."
This animal's greatest propensity was
the devouring of every living thing he
came across. His voraciousness was so
great that lizards and reptiles of all
kinds and sizes, bears, wolves and ani-
mals of every description, at one gulp
would disappear in the depths of his cap-
acious maw. At the same time existed
the coyote, or "Hl-wan-ah-shi," noted for
his cunning, and recognized as chief
among and by the other animals, they
looking upon him at some future time
to work out for them a great deliver-
ance.

Little Wolf had heard of the tremen-
dous slaughterer "Hl-wan-ah-shi," and
making among the other animals, and
determined to put a stop to it. To this
end he girded on two robes made of wild
hide, a quiver made of bear skin, some tinder
and knives of flint—all of which he care-
fully equipped. He started out on his
perilous mission. After traveling for
many days and over a great stretch of
country, Little Wolf described the "Hl-
wan-ah-shi" in the distance, and im-
mediately prepared for the conflict. Tak-
ing the two robes, which were miles in
length, he fastened one end of each to a
cord of snow which was about his body,
and the other ends of the robes he had
fastened—by his single aid he had along
with him—to two trees a long distance
from each other. By this time the
"Hl-wan-ah-shi" was within hearing of
Little Wolf. Little Wolf howls out,
"Come on, old 'Hl-wan-ah-shi,' and
prepare to die, for I am going to slay
you!" and he came, and the battle rag-
ed with considerable violence for some
time. Little Wolf getting in some very
good strokes now and then, but he was
finally compelled to abandon an unav-
ailing fight, and resorted to cunning
and operated on the defensive.

The old fellow had, however, swal-
lowed Little Wolf, having him partially

down, when the ropes and sinew girth
prevented his going down entirely.
The old fellow stamped about and
howled fearfully, and declared, "I will
swallow Little Wolf!" Taking a long
breath, he made a huge effort—the
girth was broken, and down went poor
Little Wolf. After resting a short
time, he made a tour of the belly of the
old fellow and found all kinds of ani-
mals and reptiles therein, which had
been carrying on a kind of internal
war among themselves. Feeling some-
what angry, Little Wolf takes one of
his knives, and cuts a piece of fat from
the heart of the beast, and warning it
with ignited tinder, devours it, and
then counsels obedience among the
other inhabitants, and promises a speedy
deliverance from their prison. He then
cooks a meal for his fellow prisoners
and takes a piece of fat from the heart
of the beast and rubs the sores and
wounds of his fellows, which heals
them. He then says to them, "You
are my subjects, and it is now time to
get out of here. In taking the fat from
around his heart I have struck the old
fellow a death blow." Proceeding
with his work he caused the old man
to howl tremendously. He writhed
and kicked and tried to throw up his
supper," and they came from his nose,
ears and mouth; all fled out but Little
Wolf.

The old fellow tried to rid himself of
him, but Little Wolf did not propose to
leave until his mission was accom-
plished. The old fellow declared he
would eject him, but, failing in the at-
tempt, rolled over and gave up the
ghost. Little Wolf, after the old fellow
died, walked out and collected his com-
panions to help skin the beast and cut
him into pieces. They took the meat
from the bones and had a right hearty
meal. They then divided the skin be-
tween each other. The bones were
then taken and scattered to the utter-
most parts of the earth, and an allot-
ment of land was made to each of the
delivered ones, which they were to take
as their country, and they would all
be changed in the twinkling of an eye,
and they would find that a race of peo-
ple would spring up from the bones of
the beast in all respects like unto them.

"But," said the fox, "you have re-
served nothing for yourself."

Little Wolf called for water. His
paws were yet dripping with the blood
of the beast. He dipped his paws in
the water and scattered the blood and
water all over the country occupied by
the Nez Percés, saying:

"From this shall spring a people to
inhabit this land with me."

Little Wolf became transformed into
a Nez Percés chief, and a tribe sprang
up around him. Little Wolf had come
from behind the mountains and fought
this great fight, and effected this great
deliverance on the grounds between the
south fork of Clearwater river and the
Camas prairie.

The Nez Percés being somewhat di-
minutive in size is accounted for by
reason of their coming from the leav-
ings created out of the fat ends of the
beast; but what they lack in stature
they claim they more than make up in
intelligence and cunning, taking after
their illustrious progenitor, Little
Wolf. Thus ends the tradition.—Idaho
Signal.

DEATH OF ROBERT TYLER.

The Montgomery Advertiser of the 4th comes to us in mourning for Col. ROBT. TYLER, who died suddenly in that city the night of the 3rd inst., of paralysis of the brain.

His death leaves a void that cannot be filled. Loyal, polished, noble, sincere, he united in himself all the amiable and admirable characteristics that mark the Christian, the patriot, the gentleman, the steadfast friend. In all our intercourse with men, we have never met one who evoked to such a degree as did he our warm attachment and ardent admiration. We loved him for the amiable traits of character he exhibited in social life, and admired him for the courage, the ability, the devotion to principle that marked him as a public man. Personal interests were nothing with him. He had the spirit of self-sacrifice that makes martyrs. He was content to live for his country and seek his reward in the consciousness of duty well performed. In the darkest days of our State's history, when the people were engaged in their fearful fight for social existence, his voice was heard above all others encouraging the despondent, rallying the wavering and cheering the impetuous. He was then editor of the Montgomery Advertiser, and it is creditable to his political foresight that the battle was at last won on the plan he outlined. It was during this time that we first met him and formed for him an attachment that has outlived him, and that shall continue to hallow his memory with us until the day of our death.

The following brief sketch of his life is taken from the Advertiser:

"Col. TYLER was born in Charles City county, Virginia, in the year 1819, and was consequently nearly seventy years of age. He was a son of John TYLER, President of the United States from 1841 to 1845. He graduated at William and Mary College, Virginia, and read law under the celebrated Rufus T. TUCKER. During his father's incumbency of the Presidential office, he was his Private Secretary, but before his term expired removed to Philadelphia, where he soon became prominent at the bar. He was the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Party of Pennsylvania in 1856, and was largely instrumental in the nomination of Mr. BRECKINRIDGE for the Presidency. For that great statesman he had the utmost respect and veneration, while the Sage of Wheeling entertained for Col. TYLER feelings of the tenderest affection. The office of Philanthropy of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was filled by him for many years. At the beginning of the late war he held this highly honorable position, but preferring Virginia and the South to any other portion of the world, he resigned and made his way to Richmond, giving up ease, comfort and permanency for uncertainty, privation and hardship. He enlisted as a private soldier, but was soon afterward appointed Register of the Treasury of the Confederate States, which he held until the close of the war. He removed to Alabama in 1865, since which time his history is a part of the history of the State. Col. TYLER married in early life Miss COOPER, a daughter of the eminent Virginian, who survives him. His married life was eminently happy, his social and domestic nature shining in a warm degree for the enjoyment of a refined home. To that home and its honored inmates the sympathies of friends here and elsewhere are extended.

The unexpected tidings of his death will strike a chord of sympathetic grief in the heart of every member of this community, in which he was so well known and so justly esteemed. And not only here, but throughout the entire State and Union will members who enjoyed his personal acquaintance, and numbered him among their friends, be deeply grieved by the loss of a man whose reputation will mourn his loss.

He had enjoyed the advantages of a fine education, of which his native intellect enabled him to take the greatest advantage. His mind was well stored with literary as well as political information. He was therefore thoroughly fitted for the active public life which he was to lead. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas.

After a long public career, upon which he entered as a very young man, he was elected and re-elected to the highest offices of the State. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas. He was a man of great energy, and his mind was a constant source of new ideas.

The Senate seated Butler (Democrat) from South Carolina and Kellogg (Republican) from Louisiana. Conover and Patterson vs. the Democrats to seat Butler and the Radicals to seat Kellogg. Gen. Morgan, in a short speech, hinted at a determination of the Democrats to vacate the seat of Kellogg when they shall have come into possession of the Senate. Evans (Democrat) of Louisiana will probably be admitted by the vote of both parties, the Senate having decided adversely to the claims of Pinchback (negro). This will leave in the Senate 36 Democrats, 39 Radicals and 1 Independent—Judge Davis, who votes most frequently with the Democrats. Sharon (Republican) is habitually absent. If Patterson should be surrendered to the authorities of South Carolina, the Senate will be a tie on political questions, and Wm. A. Wheeler, the fraudulent Vice-President, will have the casting vote.

We shall circulate the editorial of this week on Calhoun county in the western States on a sheet separate to itself. Any one wishing a copy to send to a friend at a distance can get it by application at this office. The article was written hurriedly and we may have omitted some of the advantages our county offers to settlers. If so, we would be grateful if any of our readers would apply the omission in a communication to the REPUBLICAN.

The President's Message.

The regular session of Congress at 12 o'clock on the 3rd inst., and at that hour the President's Message was received.

After usual congratulations for the enjoyment of peace, health, abundant harvests and encouraging prospects, he defends his policy of pacification and points with pardonable pride to its results in the South.

He holds that silver and gold should be utilized in the currency of the country, but does not think silver should be made an unlimited legal tender. At this point we are sorry to say he trims and shows a disposition to steer between the currents of conflicting opinion.

He does not favor the repeal of the resumption act. The condition of affairs on the Rio Grande is briefly described and the considerations which led to the order to Gen. ORD to invade Mexico under certain contingencies are recited. He recognizes the delicacy of the position assumed by the Government, but the issue of the order and admits that it may lead to serious international complications, but defends it on the ground that in no other way could the lives and property of citizens be protected. He disclaims any intention or desire to provoke a war with Mexico.

He justifies the withdrawal of troops from the support of the carpet bag governments of the South.

He approves the reports of heads of Departments sent in with the Message. Gen. SHERMAN in his report, says that resumption can be effected under the present laws by January 1st 1878.

Some time ago we noticed in the Southboro Herald an acknowledgment of correction for the employment of the word "blooded" stock, and, if we are not very much mistaken, the correction was attributed to the Huntsville Democrat. At any rate that was the impression left upon our mind and in a spirit of pleasantness we wrote a paragraph about it in which we were "low witted" enough to pun on the name of J. WITHERS CLAY, Esq., and had the "bad manners" to jokingly call him "an old curmudgeon." Weeks after the publication, when the matter had entirely passed from our mind, we were astonished on opening a copy of the Democrat to find that we had unwittingly offended the punctilious CLAY. In an article headed "An atrocious libel answered," L. W. GRANT is personally named, roundly abused and sharply reminded of the disparity of years existing between himself and Mr. CLAY, and is assured that he (CLAY) is "at least, of equal recognized respectability" with L. W. GRANT.

We pass over the implied self-puffery in Mr. CLAY's "at least," and hasten to assure him that we shall not quarrel with him on the point of his "respectability," or his "age." On the contrary, we are free to admit he shines with the reflected lustre of a distinguished name, albeit he never did anything very distinguished himself; and as for his age, his writings are an attestation of the fact that he is very ancient. We meant no offense to our venerable friend, and promise him, if he will cease quarreling with our initials, never again to forget the "difference in our ages." But while we are thus free to make the "normal" to our old friend, we shall not gratify him by entering upon a war of words with him, which he has trained a point to inaugurate, but rather leave him to supply the interpretation of the following *post script* to the Advocate of the Break-fast-table:

"Reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what you friend, the 'Tribune,' has written? He has written a paragraph of controversy? Don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you. You know, if you had a bent tub, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it."

GEN. SHELLEY's bill to refund the cotton tax and apply it to educational purposes, has provoked some comment by the State press, and elicited a diversity of opinion. Some claim that the tax ought to go to the planter who they say paid it. Others argue that the planter in no instance really paid it—that the tax was added to the price of the cotton when it was sold to the merchant, that the merchant charged it up to the manufacturer, that the manufacturer put it on the price of his goods, and that the consumer, the general public, finally paid it; and that it is but right the public should have it back in the shape of an educational fund. If this latter view be correct, Northern and Western consumers paid as much or more of the tax than those of the South, and, in justice, should come in for a share of the fund, if it should be withdrawn from the U. S. Treasury—a proceeding for which, it would seem, under such a view, no good reason could be assigned, since it has already come to the credit of the people of the whole country. Parties who advance the view that the consumer paid the tax, apparently have sight of the fact that the farmer does not control the price of cotton. Others urge that it is impossible at this late day to determine with certainty who did pay it, and that the just course would be to turn it into the Southern State treasuries to be applied to the extinguishment of our State debts. This would delight the holders of fraudulent bonds.

If our information be correct, the government records furnish data by which the parties who paid it can be arrived at pretty accurately. At any rate, if it is ever refunded, it should go to the farmers who paid it, whenever they can be found.

The bill would undoubtedly attract greater attention, if the prospect of its early passage was still favorable. Although we do not expect the early passage of a bill to refund the cotton tax, we commend GEN. SHELLEY for good intentions and a laudable desire to promote the interests of the people he represents.

CALHOUN COUNTY ALA.

Its Topography, Climate, Productions, Etc.

Calhoun is one of the fier of counties in the North-eastern portion of the State and unites within itself all the advantages of the Southern counties in its productions, without any to their drawbacks to climate etc.

TOPOGRAPHY. The county is traversed nearly north and south almost its entire length by the Blue Mountain—a beautiful range of considerable height, with innumerable fertile ridges and plateaus which afford rich pastures for cattle, sheep and hogs. From its sides and base spring many streams, that gather volume as they flow and water the valleys beneath. The Coosa river, a navigable stream to this point, flows along its western boundary. The first and second bottoms of this river are very rich, and along its banks can be found many plantations that rival the best along the Mississippi for fertility. The western part of the county is also watered by the Chatahoochee, a large creek which flows the entire length of the valley of that name. This valley is twenty miles in length and from two to six miles wide, and the land along its entire length is very fertile. Near the centre of the county flows Tallapoosa creek, which empties into the Chatahoochee near the Coosa. The northern portion of the county is watered by Nances and Terrapin creeks, important streams, along whose banks are many plantations. The more southern portion of the county is watered by Cold water and Cane Creeks. All these streams and others of lesser note afford fine water power and upon them are many fine flouring mills. The next principal valley to Chatahoochee is the Tallapoosa valley, which is very large and abounds in beautiful plantations. There are other valleys of lesser note that contain as fine land as can be found in the State. The more elevated and rolling lands are as a general rule capable of being brought to the highest state of productiveness, owing to the fact that they have a clay foundation, and upon such lands are situated some of our finest farms.

CLIMATE. The climate is delicious and health-giving. The summers are rarely very hot, the fresh mountain breezes fanning the valleys into coolness and sweeping across the plains almost constantly. Summer visitors from more southern counties seek this latitude every year. The winters are short and rarely severe for more than a few days at a time. The snow in the midst of winter sometimes attains a depth of three or four inches, but rarely remains on the ground for a longer time than three or four days. The mountain stretches of woodland all over the country render fuel cheap and rob winter of half its terrors.

THE SOIL. The soil is diversified, but by generally being found to have a clay foundation, which holds fertilizers well and renders it capable of the highest enrichment. The Coosa bottoms are inexhaustibly rich, as are also the bottoms along the principal creeks. The uplands are fair. The valley lands are rich and generally in a high state of cultivation. Large tracts in every neighborhood are virgin, never having been cleared and cultivated.

WATER. The county abounds in cool and refreshing springs of freestone and limestone. There are also many mineral springs, such as chalybeate, sulphur etc. which are as efficacious as the noted health resorts of Virginia.

THE WOODLAND GROWTH. The principal growth are, oak, hickory, beech, pine, walnut and ash. The pine lands are generally on the poorer soil, but the timber on them more than pays for the clearing, and as the soil has a clay foundation the land can be easily enriched. Dizen, the celebrated Georgia farmer, located and brought to a high state of cultivation this character of land. It can be bought very cheap, much of it being offered by private parties as low as one dollar and fifty cents per acre. It can be entered from the government for much less than this.

FARM PRODUCTS. Cotton is grown very successfully, more so indeed than in more southern portions of the State, since the warm weather attacks it in this latitude. Anywhere from a bale to the acre can be produced by proper cultivation. Corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, sorghum, ground peas, clover and the grasses all grow well and produce abundantly. In favorable seasons two crops can be made on the same land in one year—one of wheat or oats and one of corn or field peas.

VEGETABLES. Among the vegetables which do well here we may enumerate, the turnip, cabbage, collard, beet, tomato, sweet and Irish potato, celery, spinach, lettuce, kale, pea, mustard, pepper bean, English pea, onion, parsnip, carrot, squash, egg plant, vegetable okra, cucumber, gherkin, parsnip, leek, garlic, horseradish, asparagus, radish, cauliflower, turnip, pumpkin, and others not now remembered.

DOMESTIC FRUITS. Among the domestic fruits we have the apple, peach, plum, quince, fig, pear, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, grape, apricot, watermelon, muskmelon, gooseberry, netarine, and currant. Of nearly all these fruits many different varieties are grown. The persimmon, Concord and California grape do best and rot but little, if at all. The plateau along the crest of Blue mountain are finely adapted to the purpose of vineyard and orchard. These being situated above the frost line, fruit is never killed there.

WILD FRUIT.

The summer and winter grape, wild cherry, whortleberry, blackberry, dewberry, black and red haw, service berry (a fruit superior to the currant) wild strawberry, sugarberry, hack berry, may apple, pawpaw, ground cherry, crab apple, wild plum, muscadine, and perhaps other wild fruit, not now remembered grow in the old fields, along the mountain sides, along the creeks and in the woods.

THE WALNUT, hickory nut, hazel nut, chestnut and chinquapin grow wild, and the pecan can be cultivated and made to bear profusely. It can also be grafted on the scaly bark hickory and a crop speedily realized.

GAMING. The forests abound in deer and wild turkey. The hare, squirrel, opossum, coon, and like small game infest the woodlands more copiously, and along the water-courses and about the ponds may be found wild duck, beaver, otter and mink. Among the smaller birds we have the partridge, field-lark, dove, snipe etc.

FISH. The streams abound in trout, bream, perch, red hound, sucker, cat, fish and eel, and the river affords all these with the addition of the sturgeon, buffalo-head etc. For some years the Government has been depositing shad in the Coosa and they are now occasionally caught only to be released.

MINERALS. Lead is found abundantly, but the county is richest in inexhaustible iron beds of vast extent and contiguous to the railroad. At the Woodstock Iron Works is found the celebrated Spiegel ore. The finest kaolin, slate, mica, marble, ground-stone rock and limestone are found at various points.

RAILROADS. The Selma Rome & Dalton Railroad, runs through the county from South to North. The East Alabama & Cincinnati road is partly graded and will soon be built, as well as other roads for which charters have been granted. The Coosa river is navigable from Rome, Ga., to Ten Island Shoals in Calhoun county, and several competing steamboats ply the stream and render water transportation very cheap. The Government is engaged in opening the river to navigation its entire length, and the day will soon arrive when boats can pass from Rome, Ga. to Mobile.

TOWNS. On the line of the Selma Rome and Dalton Railroad are Oxford, Anniston, Weavers, Jacksonville, Patena, Cross Plains and Ladia. Off from the road are White Plains, Alexandria and Pecks Hill. Of these Oxford and Jacksonville are the most important in point of inhabitants. Jacksonville is the county seat. Other trading points not mentioned are scattered throughout the county.

SCHOOLS. Oxford has a high school, numerous attended and favorably known far and wide. The Grange College at Jacksonville is under the management of the County Grange, and is very prosperous. Both institutions have beautiful and commodious buildings. In every thickly settled neighborhood in the county a free school flourishes and the teachers, as a rule are competent and moral. The races are educated separately, the school fund being so apportioned as to maintain separate schools for each.

CHURCHES. The Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations predominate; but Primitive Baptist, Episcopal and Cumberland Presbyterian churches have a considerable membership. There is a Catholic congregation at Jacksonville, while there are a few Lutheran families here and there throughout the county.

SOCIETY. The society is pure, elevated and refined. A man's best passport into it is good manners, good morals and industrious habits. No standard of wealth or political position has been set up or sought to be maintained. There is not nor has there been any ostracism for political opinion. While there may have been some Republicans in the county who did not have the *carree* into society on account of their personal unfitness, there are others who, by their faithful labors have always been well received. Any gentleman from the North, let his politics may be what they may, with proper letters of introduction will be warmly welcomed and treated with the greatest courtesy and kindness. Those who may come without such letters will find that their deportment and bearing among their new found neighbors will be made the test, and the same if pleasing, will be the "open sesame" to the hearts and hospitality of our people.

POLITICS. The county is and always has been largely Democratic, but the party is conservative and tolerant. The color line in politics has almost been broken down and whites and blacks vote together in the greatest harmony for the candidates of their choice.

THE LABOR. The negro population furnish most of the hired farm laborers, the white farmers having either land of their own or a lease of land. All the male population both white and black, not engaged in professional, mercantile or mechanical pursuits labor in the farm. After the war the young men of the country returned to find the fortunes of their fathers shattered and the labor they were wont to rely upon demoralized. They at once took hold of the plow handles and made shift to better their fortunes. Happily the fatigues of the camp had injured them to hardships, and the change from the idle and comparatively luxurious life of *de bellum* times was not felt. Labor became honorable among them, and new a man's best recommendation is that he is a worker. The idler and drowsy in the hire is looked upon as a loafer rather than the gentleman of elegant leisure. In time the

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Bosman's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Group, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. These doses will give you a case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NESBIT, about it. Sample bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 15 cents. For sale by Dr. W. M. NESBIT.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, Ala., the undersigned, as Administrator of the estate of John Walker, deceased, will, ON MONDAY THE 24th DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT,

Proceed to sell, upon the premises of said deceased, the following described land, to-wit: The west half of south east fourth of section twenty-two, township thirteen, range seven east being the land set apart to Minerva Walker, as dower.

Said land will be sold to the highest and best bidder, during the term of sale—one fourth of the bid will be required to be paid in cash, and the remainder on a credit of twelve months, with interest from date, and the payment secured by note and approved security.

S. D. MCLELLAN, Administrator.

Dec. 8, 1877—3c.

Final Settlement Notice.

Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 5th, 1877. Francis Self, dec'd—Estate of.

THIS day came John Y. Henderson, Administrator de bonis non of said Estate, and filed his statement, account, vouchers and evidences, for a final settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 2nd day of January, 1878, be appointed a day on which to make said settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the making of the settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Dec 8—3c.

Partial Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 6th, 1877.

Shadrach Doughton, dec'd—Estate of. THIS day came J. B. Broughston, Administrator of said Estate, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers and evidences for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 21st day of December, 1877 be appointed a day off which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest, said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Dec. 8, 1877—3c.

Estray Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. TAKEN UP by James A. Ford, and posted before J. B. McLean, Sheriff of the County of Calhoun, Alabama, certain Estray horses, to-wit: One white horse, one bay horse, one black horse, one white mare, one black mare, one white colt, one black colt, one white foal, one black foal, one white calf, one black calf, one white pig, one black pig, one white sheep, one black sheep, one white goat, one black goat, one white dog, one black dog, one white cat, one black cat, one white rabbit, one black rabbit, one white mouse, one black mouse, one white rat, one black rat, one white snake, one black snake, one white lizard, one black lizard, one white turtle, one black turtle, one white frog, one black frog, one white toad, one black toad, one white worm, one black worm, one white insect, one black insect, one white bird, one black bird, one white fish, one black fish, one white shell, one black shell, one white stone, one black stone, one white plant, one black plant, one white flower, one black flower, one white fruit, one black fruit, one white vegetable, one black vegetable, one white mineral, one black mineral, one white fossil, one black fossil, one white gem, one black gem, one white jewel, one black jewel, one white stone, one black stone, one white shell, one black shell, one white fossil, one black fossil, one white gem, one black gem, one white jewel, one black jewel.

L. W. CANNON, Sheriff.

Dec. 1—4c.

IN CHANCERY.

R. Cunningham Hannah, in this case vs. John Hannah, the Register vs. Rebecca E. Gay, by affidavit Newton Gay, et al., of the complaint that the defendants Rebecca E. Gay and her husband, Newton Gay, are residents of this State and that they reside in Sag Sala county Texas, and that they are in the belief of said affiants the said defendants are both over twenty-one years of age. It is therefore ordered by the Register that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a weekly newspaper published in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., for four consecutive weeks requiring them, the said Rebecca E. Gay and her husband, Newton Gay, to answer or demur to the bill of complaint in this cause by the 28th day of January, 1878, or in thirty days thereafter a decree pro confesso may be taken against them.

Done at office Nov. 29th, 1877.

Wm. M. HANES, Register.

Dec. 1—4c.

IN CHANCERY.

E. L. Woodward, in this cause it is made to appear to the Register vs. Robert Adams, the Register vs. George E. Turnley, by affidavit of the complaint that the defendant George E. Turnley is a non-resident of this State, and that he resides in San Jacinto county, Texas, Cold Spring post office, and further that in the belief of said affiant the said defendant is over twenty-one years of age. It is therefore ordered by the Register that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a weekly newspaper published in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., for four consecutive weeks requiring him, the said defendant, George E. Turnley, to answer or demur to the bill of complaint in this cause by the 23rd day of January, 1878, or in thirty days thereafter a decree pro confesso may be taken against him.

Done at office Nov. 29th, 1877.

Wm. M. HANES, Register.

Dec. 1—4c.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of one alias fi. fa. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, in favor of Thomas McCain and against Jas. Snow, Henry Snow, and W. F. McCullough, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1878, the following described land, to-wit: About 5 acres situated in the Town of Oxford, and known as two separate lots in Smart's survey—also 52 acres in the Brownlee land on the north west corner of section 22, township 16, range 8, levied on as the property of Henry Snow to satisfy said alias fi. fa.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff.

Dec. 1, 1877—3c.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of one alias fi. fa. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, in favor of Thomas McCain and against Jas. Snow, Henry Snow, and W. F. McCullough, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1878, the following described land, to-wit: The south west fourth of section 27, township 17, range 8, and part of section 28, township 17, range 8, in all 625 acres, levied upon as the property of J. F. Smith to satisfy said alias fi. fa.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff.

Dec. 1, 1877—3c.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of one execution from the circuit court of Tallapoosa county, Georgia, and to me directed, in favor of Goodbar & Co., and against M. M. Jackson, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1878, the following described land, to-wit: The east half of the south east fourth of section 26, township 16, range 6, also section and range; and also the north east fourth of the north east fourth of section 25, township 16, range 6, and being 160 acres more or less, and being the property of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, in the hands of the Sheriff of said county, and known as the "Hickling south of and adjacent to the place near place, lying in the county of Calhoun, State of Alabama—levied upon as the property of M. M. Jackson and Andrew Jackson to satisfy said execution.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff.

Dec. 1, 1877—3c.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of one fi. fa. issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, in favor of Woodruff and against David W. Woodruff, Edwin T. Read, May J. Read, Administratrix of E. Read, dec'd, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1878, the following described land, to-wit: The north east fourth of section 2, T. 14, range 8; east half of west half of section 13, range 8; south east 1/4 of section 31, township 13, range 8; west 1/4 of north east fourth section 6, being 31.4 acres, situated in section 12, township 14, range 8, and the south east fourth of the south west fourth, and twenty-four 1/4 acres off the east side of the south west fourth of the south west fourth of section 14, range 8, in the Coosa land district in said county of Calhoun, State of Alabama.

Said land will be sold to satisfy all decrees in favor of said Charles Alexander vs. Pinkney Harris and William Downing. None.

Wm. M. HANES, Register.

Dec. 1—5c.

Register's Sale.

UNDER and by virtue of a Decree rendered at the June Term, 1877, of the Circuit Court of the 1st District of the Eastern Circuit of Alabama, in the case of Charles Alexander against Pinkney Harris and William Downing, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1878, within the usual hours of sale, the following described Real Estate, to-wit: Twenty-four acres off the east side of section 14, range 8, in the north west fourth of section 12, township 14, range 8, and the south east fourth of the south west fourth, and twenty-four 1/4 acres off the east side

... ..

The following brief sketch of his life is taken from the *Advertiser*:

We shall circulate the editorial of this week on Calhoun county in the western States on a sheet separate to itself. Any one wishing a copy to send to a friend at a distance can get it by application at this office. The article was written hurriedly and we may have omitted some of the advantages our county offers to settlers. If so, we would be gratified if any of our readers would supply the omission in a communication to the REPUBLICAN.

The bill would undoubtedly attract greater attention, if the prospect of its early passage was at all favorable.

Although we do not expect the early passage of a bill to refund the cotton tax, we commend GEN. SHELLEY for good intentions and a laudable desire to promote the interests of the people he represents.

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GEN. FORNEY is one of a sub-committee of three to consider our relations with Mexico. He is somewhat familiar with Mexican methods and character, having once served a campaign in that country.

now, Henry Snow, and W. E. A. Snow, will sell to the highest bidder, before the court house door of Jacksonville, Ala. on the 1st of Monday in JANUARY, 1871, the following described land, to-wit:

About 5 acres situated in the Town of Oxford, and known as two separate tracts in the records of the County of Stuart's survey—also 8 1/2 acres of Brownee Island on the north west corner of section 32, township 16, range 10 as the property of Henry Snow, to satisfy said alias fi. fa.

D. Z. GOODLET, Shl

DR. J. R. GARBER
TENDERS his professional services to the
citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity.
All calls will receive prompt attention.
Special attention given to all chronic dis-
eases.
Office on South street, two doors below
the Wyl House. June 14

M. J. TURNLEY,
Attorney at Law
AND
Solicitor in Chancery,

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LOCAL MATTERS.

Fresh Locals.

THE BEST is not only the CHEAPEST, but the SAFEST. Then use that explosive oil at MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A lot of that XXX Tennessee FLOUR from the Sweetwater Mills, at the Red Store.

If you want Apple Vinegar that will give you teeth on edge go to the RED STORE. 50 cts. per gal. or 5 gallons for \$2.50.

If you want a real nice snore for 5 cts. for "SLIM JIM," but if you want a snore for 25 cts. you must get the "DAD," which (by the way) is not a bad joke. For sale at the RED STORE.

Bring on your beef hides, peaches, fruit and beeswax to MADDOX & PRIVETT. They will give you money or goods as you wish.

Put bottles mixed or all-cucumber PICKLES for 25 cts. per bottle at MADDOX & PRIVETT.

All styles and prices of men's and ladies' SADDLERS on the renowned Texas and common trees on hand or made to order at short notice.

MADDOX & PRIVETT.

We tried a box of that COMB HONEY (the one from) and it is very fine—only five boxes left.

SADDLERY & HARNESS work done at most starvation rates by MADDOX & PRIVETT.

It can't be beat in the world—fall size of plug tobacco for 10 cts. at the RED STORE.

WANTED.—To buy some Sorghum seed. Apply to this office.

WANTED.—To buy some cow peas. Apply to this office.

Look out for John Robinson's big advertisement next week.

Rev. Mr. Richardson, of the Presbyterian church, has become a citizen of Jacksonville.

Judge Turner, long a resident of this place, has moved to Gadsden.

The bills are posted for old John Robinson's circus here on Wednesday the 20th.

Look out for his advertisement next week.

The American dramatic entertainment was most successful and pleasing one we have seen.

A charming lady acquaintance who was present. She promised to tell us all about it for publication. But failed to do so; and our readers have missed a very pretty description as it would have fallen from very pretty lips.

As the holidays approach, look out for the holiday advertisements of our wide-awake merchants.

Gov. Houston's youngest daughter, Maggie, died recently of heart disease.

We learn that a fire occurred at the Altley place in this county, occupied by Mr. J. H. Altley, Tuesday night, which entirely consumed the dwelling house and some out-buildings. Mr. Altley lost most of his household and kitchen furniture.

Our valued friend, L. W. Grant, is doing great work for his county by calling the attention of emigrants to its advantages.

Haydenville, (Loudon county) Eclectic.

Several Mormon converts and their families left Sand Mountain some days ago for the new Mormon settlement in New Mexico. The Scottsboro Herald describes the women as more eager to join the colony than the men.

One of the latest officers lost on the S. Man-of-war, Huron, was Frederick Danner of Wetlowe, Randolph Co., Ala. He was a nephew of Ex-Governor Smith.

MORGAN-HUBBARD.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, Wm. H. Hubbard, on the 5th inst., by Rev. W. H. Richardson, Mr. William T. Morgan and Miss Alice Hubbard, all of Calhoun county.

The bride and groom were Mr. Thomas V. Finch, Miss Mary Hall of Monroe, Mr. R. H. Hughes of Cross Plains and Miss Ella Hubbard.

The happy couple left for the home of the groom's parents, soon after the company had partaken of the pleasant repast set for them by the bride's mother. That they will have a long, a prosperous and happy life is the sincere and earnest wish of their friends.

Gen. Tyler has donated to the Grange, through Secretary E. F. Crook, the \$200 premium offered by Gen. Burke and taken by him for the finest Jersey cow on our fair.

ALEXANDRIA LOCALS.—The people are rejoicing over the repeal of the resumption act. Connection will now stop and I hope "inflation" may begin. Mr. C. S. Martin, Police and assistant clerk of Mr. S. L. Martin, will soon resign his position to take the position of his successor will be Mr. S. L. Martin, Jr., who is now in the city.

At the annual election of officers of Alexandria, held on the 24th inst., the following were elected: President, J. H. Martin; Vice-President, J. H. Martin; Secretary, J. H. Martin; Treasurer, J. H. Martin; and a full complement of other officers.

The membership are earnestly requested to meet on the 4th Saturday in December. The Grange has been spending a few days in our city.

Our correspondent does not mention the fact that the order that will elect officers is in error about the repeal of the resumption act. The Senate has not yet voted on it.—Enron.

DOES CHATTECH LOCALS.—I observe in last issue that PAT is anxious for his localists to resume their writings, and that it is a good idea. Our former writer has apparently "gone dead." We are anxious to rise up in his stead. But it is a mistake about going into quarters. 'Twas the electoral campaign caused them to retire from the field, being little space to admit the publication of their items. Farmers are done with their corn and some sowing wheat. A good deal of fall oats have been sown. Little of the heavy staple yet remains in the fields. Health of the city is pretty good. Some land trading going on. J. H. Martin, Jr., is now in the city. J. H. Martin, Jr., is now in the city. J. H. Martin, Jr., is now in the city.

Another Roll of Honor will appear after next.

Roll of Honor.

The following named persons have paid subscriptions to Republican since our last report.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| J. F. Clark, | Bobt. Adams, |
| J. M. Woody, | M. J. Turley, |
| Gen. J. C. Torrey, | W. D. DeFrees, |
| C. C. Howell, | C. C. Howell, |
| A. O. Stewart, | R. A. Noel, |
| D. Z. Goodlett, | D. A. Hughes, |
| Wm. Belton, | C. H. Bowling, |
| J. Hollingsworth, | C. J. Privett, |
| James Crook, | Rev. Mr. Richardson, |
| J. C. Wilson, | Wm. Scott, |
| John Turk, | Allen Matthews, |
| J. J. Henderson, | J. J. Henderson, |
| W. P. Crook, | E. M. Clark, |
| A. M. Whiteside, | G. B. Russell, |

THIS BALL.—It was not our good fortune to attend "the ball" at Maj. R. D. Williams' on Thursday night last, but we are informed by our young friend A. H. DEAN that the bonnie lasses and fair maidens spent the evening merrily—tripping the "light fantastic toe."

We venture to say that many soft words of love were whispered in the corners of that "ball room," and a few "matches" made for all we know.

"TRIPLET."

BISHOP MARVIN.

This distinguished divine breathed his last, at his home in the city of St. Louis, on Monday, the 26th inst., at four o'clock in the morning. In his death the M. E. Church South has sustained an irreparable loss, and the whole country has been draped in sorrow. The influence of such a man is felt everywhere, and in all departments of society.

His original and capacious mind breathed forth fresh and vigorous thoughts in his published works and untiring sermons. These mental creations added new fuel to the flame of christian truth in his day. He was a "well instructed scribe," who brought of his treasury things new and old.

His energy and enterprise gave great impulse to all the useful agencies which he touched, and that looked to the welfare and prosperity of his race. His influence impressed others; no man could look upon the almost ubiquitous MARVIN, putting his shoulder to every christian agency without feeling his own slowness rebuked, and receiving a fresh call to go into his Master's vineyard and work.

Such a life stirs the stagnant waters of faith and makes them pure and healthful. His character was spotless; not a shadow rested upon his honored name from the cradle to the grave. His purity of life and purpose was never questioned, even by the coldest and most skeptical in his age. Veneration and admiration were spontaneous in his presence, and his heart was the home of charity, virtue and grace.

Like his exalted Master, "he went about doing good," and he esteemed his own life dearer to him simply as he could be useful to others. His influence was a great moral break-down against which the waves of selfishness and corruption beat in vain, and from which they rolled back broken and humbled. Such a life is a light and a blessing to both Church and State, and its influence for good is beyond all human calculation.

A character so great and good, can be confined to neither time or place, and it can become the executive power of no church or country. His power was felt abroad. He had just completed the circuit of the world, had visited the foreign missions, fields of his own and other churches, had seen "the heathen in his blindness bow down to the stocks and stones," and infused a fresh life and power into the instrument of his enlightenment and salvation. During his tour around the world, he was the messenger of his church to the farthest corners of the globe. He went, without inhibition or paganism, his friend-ship was universal, and his presence was an inspiration and a blessing. But just as the church of his choice hoped that his travels had renewed his youth, and that he was ready to lay his fresh acquisitions of wisdom and knowledge upon the altars of the church, his Lord called him home. His death's chariot stopped at his door, and his travels and labors ended in a transfer from the toil of earth to the glories and rest of the "Church Triumphant." In his death we lose both one of the greatest and best of our representative men, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South one of its noblest preachers and workers.

We look to look upon the character of such a man, for while we gaze we grow better, think more of humanity, its resources and capacities, and of the great God who made it, and who has shown us its exalted destiny in the life and teachings of his son JESUS CHRIST. We grieve before the Nashville American, a sketch of Bishop MARVIN's life and work.

Bishop Marvin was next to the youngest of the eight bishops. Bishop McTearle being the youngest. He was born in Warren county, Missouri, June 12th, 1825. In August, 1849, he offered himself to the church at Batesburg, and was ordained a minister. He was married and was converted in Warren county in December, 1849. In 1851, when only nineteen years of age, he entered the itinerant ministry in the Missouri conference. His first appointment was to Grundy mission, his second to Oregon mission, his third to Liberty circuit, and his fourth to St. Louis. He was the colleague of Rev. Wesley Browning. His subsequent fields of labor in Missouri were Western Circuit, Hamilton, Monticello and Palmyra stations; St. Charles circuit, Fayette and St. Charles college, and Centenary and St. Charles. He was also a member of the St. Louis conference until his election to the Episcopal office in 1866. His residence was in St. Louis.

The Bishop had the China mission especially in charge, and on the 26th of August, 1875, left St. Louis for the Pacific coast, where he took a steamer for the Celestial Empire. One year afterward, on the 27th of last August, he returned to St. Louis, having gone around the world within twelve months. He held his last service September 27, at Independence, Mo.

Bishop Marvin preached a series of sermons in Nashville two years ago. He was considered one of the leading members of the College of Bishops in point of eloquence. Whenever he preached he had immense audiences, the churches being overcrowded.

Upon the occasion he expressed a belief that there was a possibility, after death, of learning about astronomy what we had failed to learn here and that there was no knowing whether we might not be allowed in the spiritual state to visit the various planets. He was the author of several works, among the most notable of which were, "Lectures on Roushington," now out of press, "Life of Capels," "Work of Christ," "Marvin's Sermons," and "All Around the World," now in course of publication in St. Louis. The most popular of his works was the "Work of Christ," which has passed to the third edition and is still in great demand.

Montgomery Advertiser.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

For information in regard to any of the lands now offered by letter or in person. Letters of either buyers or sellers promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties with the means and the desire to purchase will be shown a large tract of land, the expense of the undersigned. These having leads to sell are invited to communicate with him, when commission for selling, discounts for writing advertisement, etc. will be given.

L. V. GRANT.

Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

\$1,300.—THE undersigned offers for sale a bargain in a FARM near Jacksonville for \$1,300. It contains one hundred and twenty acres of land, nearly all cleared—good orchards, three good farm houses, out houses, two bold springs (one freestone and one limestone), running water in every part of the tract, the acres of the very best meadow land in this country. One of the farm houses was put up last fall at a cash expense of six hundred dollars. The present proprietor gave for the place, since the war, \$2,000. Desires to move to Texas is his reason for selling at a sacrifice.

\$400.—EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, with three miles of road, on main road, two thousand loads of wood can be cut from it. Growth mostly Post Oak. Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.

\$1,200.—Three hundred acres on road to Greensport, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from Bee's Hill Post Office. Known as Fullenwider place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well timbered in Oak, Poplar, Hickory and Black Walnut. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. TERMS—\$100 down, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.

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Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XL.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2122.

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00

For six months in advance, \$1.25

For three months in advance, \$0.75

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THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Not that from life and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head shall rest in repose;
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch Time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain and rest from strife;
There is a sacred dread of death
Involved with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry justice frowned severe,
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

A Friend in Need.

"No! Will you take that for an answer? I have tried hard to be excused, but you will accept from me no reason for staying at home, so you must take a plain refusal."

"It will be the last thing you will ever refuse me,"
Charlie Thornton hastily quitted the breakfast room without another word or look for the lady who presided at the table, and who was wholly disconcerted by this unlooked for proceeding on his part.

With flashing eyes she looked out of the window, saw her husband mount his horse, and dash madly away from her sight.

"I'll pay him back for this in his own coin; on his return he will find me in the same mood as he left me."

Turning away from the window, her eyes caught those of her old friend, Miss Potter, fixed on her in sad surprise.

"What words are those you mutter so angrily, Sarah?" asked the elderly lady.

"I was saying I would pay that husband of mine for the exhibition of such temper; he never even said 'good morning' to me."

"Sarah, dear, never you and much more to blame than he for the manner of his leaving home."

"I blame him for his absence," said Sarah, "but I blame him for his conduct."

"A shadow of a tear moistened her cheek. Miss Potter, smiling sympathetically, said:

"My dear, don't let me see you so sad. You are surely not the woman who has been so long in the habit of being so angry with your husband."

"Well, I don't think I will be so angry with him as I have been. I have learned a lesson from this episode."

"You do not mean that? You are really saying what you mean?"

"Yes, Sarah, I believe you really mean the words you are saying."

"I should like to know how you feel about it. I should like to know how you feel about it."

"I am so glad to hear you say so. I am so glad to hear you say so."

"Remember, Sarah, it is not a question of love at all; but it is a question of love at all; but it is a question of love at all."

"I have a perfect host of friends all these country friends and relatives of his, and he is to be left to them."

"I must need to be accused of not loving my husband."

"Sarah, you must forgive me, but for the sake of your future happiness I must talk plainly to you. Shall I go on, darling?"

"My dearest auntie, you know you could say nothing to your wayward Sarah that could possibly require forgiveness. So pray go on; let me see the full extent of my natural wickedness."

"Sarah, when you married Charles Thornton, you knew his life was to be lived among his country friends, yet you seemed happy in your choice, and more than contented with the home in the country which he had spared no trouble or money to make as much like the old one in the city from which he had taken you. Once here, he welcomed any of your friends whom you choose to gather around you; nor does he leave you to the task of entertaining them, but makes himself such an agreeable host that your friends go back to the city thinking you the most enviable of women."

"Oh, I know he is just the dearest fellow in the world if he would only cease tormenting me about visiting here in the country."

"Wait, my dear; hear what I have to say to you. For all this love and kindness shown you by one of the most indulgent of husbands, you have made a most wretched return. For all he does for your happiness you have paid him with an utter selfish indifference, and by such a course longer persisted in I tremble for the consequence. Sarah, your husband is not human; his forbearance will not last always, are you not afraid you may lose the priceless treasure of such a man's love?"

Sarah Thornton's face had undergone many changes while her friend had delivered, in such grave tones her short speech; and when Miss Potter finished and waited for an answer, she only looked up with a startled, grief-stricken look in her brown eyes, and the sweet childish lips trembled, but gave forth no sound. Liking this indication of repentant sorrow, the old lady talked long and earnestly, pointing out many errors, giving much advice where Sarah seemed so entirely ignorant, until she was fully awakened to a sense of wrong and remissness of wifely duty and love.

"Oh, auntie, auntie! is this ugly picture of selfishness me, really your Sarah?" came at last in broken words, as she lay sobbing in the arms of kind Miss Potter.

"It is, truly dear. Now do you forgive me for talking so plainly?"

"Do not speak of forgiveness, dearest friend, but show me the right way. Lead me until I am in the right path, that I may gain a stronger hold on the love hitherto so slightly prized, so nearly lost!"

"Willingly will I do all I can for you; but don't begin by bewailing the past; let that go, only serving as a foil to the bright picture of the future which you shall make by studying the happiness of your husband as closely as he watches over yours. Lay aside all thoughts of self; be sure Charles will not forget your welfare. In time you will find purer joy in his pleasure than ever you did in pleasing yourself alone."

"Thank you, dear aunt; you will see that I am going to profit by your advice; and while you always at hand to help me, I think it will be an easy task to do right. But I do wish it were time for Charles's return. Oh, dear! it is only twelve o'clock, and he will not be here until five. I am so anxious to tell him that I want to go to Father Thornton's with him, to meet all who will receive me as a friend or relative for his sake."

"Nay, dear, rather be glad you have so much time to prepare for his coming. Is there no little thing you can do for his comfort—nothing that you can do for him to assure him you thought of him in his absence? And when it is done, remember that Charles likes you to dress expressly for him, even though you know no other company is coming. Now run away and be ready; but be sure you are dressed in something he likes particularly, so that when he takes the first sight of you he may know all is well."

"It was a bright picture that met Charles Thornton's eyes, as riding smoothly up the hillside leading to his home on the afternoon of that day. He saw the small figure of his wife standing in the doorway of the handsome house, with an eager, expectant look on her face. And Sarah, meeting the husband, dashed out with which he threw himself into her arms, and kissed her with a great eagerness of affection."

"Nothing of importance, Harry, we are waiting. I am sorry to have kept you waiting," said the husband, glancing at the pretty figure of his wife.

"No, nothing, we have no company; but I am so glad to see you. I am so glad to see you."

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their crops to her she did not once feel like resenting it.

None of the party wished more heartily for the return of the day than did Sarah.

"I knew her heart was right, and her head only needed setting—the pretty head her husband had nearly succeeded in turning by so much petting and spoiling. But, hoping much from her good common sense, I determined to save her from trouble, perhaps utter misery, in the future; for who can tell where such conduct might have led her to? I am so glad I tried to save her."

And elderly Miss Potter nodded her head in satisfaction.

The Sense of Beauty.

There is nothing which more distinctively marks true progress in education than the increasing breadth of view which is taken of the whole subject. Gradually we are discovering that man needs not merely the knowledge contained in text books, and laid down in the various courses of study, but much that must be gleaned from other sources; that he has not only one set of faculties to be developed, but many, and that true culture includes the careful nurture of every part.

Among the hitherto neglected powers of our nature is the sense of perception of beauty. We all have this in its germ but few of us ever think it worth our while to cherish and improve it. Yet there is scarcely one of our faculties that is so amply provided for in the external world as this. Beauty pervades the entire universe. Mountains and valleys, forests and meadows, sky and ocean are full of it. The more we explore nature the more we discover of her loveliness. Science is every day revealing new beauty by her discoveries and every accession of knowledge opens up charms of which we had never dreamed. Only a small portion of the body, and that portion can only be made available by untold labors, but the sense of beauty has but to be awakened to its own need to find the whole universe waiting to pour upon it the richest supplies. In most cases our desires far outrun their possible fulfillment, but in this it is just the reverse. There is the inner sense that needs developing to respond to the wealth of beauty that awaits its recognition. It is as if in an exquisite palace, filled with choicest pictures and statuary, and adorned with everything that taste could suggest, the inhabitants were partially blind, and could barely distinguish one article from another, much less comprehend the loveliness by which they were surrounded. The world is full of beauty that we barely see, or seeing yet fail to understand or to enjoy.

It may, however, be questioned whether after all, it is so important that this sense should be quickened and sharpened into keen appreciation. It does not help a man to earn his living, or to grow rich; it does not give him standing in society or political power; it does not add to his stock of knowledge or enable him to fight the battles of life with any more success. It is true that it does not directly promote these results, though through its culture some of them may be indirectly aided. Yet these are not the only things in life worth pursuing, though in our materialistic age we are apt to think so. The joy that beauty confers is in itself no mean or trifling thing. Pure and innocent pleasures are the best safeguards against unwholesome excitements. He who early learns and retains the habit of enjoying external beauty, and letting its influence sink deeply into his nature will not be greatly exposed to temptations of a gross or sensual nature. Beauty is eminently refining, purifying, ennobling. As the eye which perceives it is the most delicate and sensitive of all the bodily organs, so the inner sense which responds to it is the most tender and refined of all the faculties. To cultivate and develop this sense is then to exalt the pleasures, to purify the desires, to refine the feelings, to ennoble the aims. No one can expand and intensify his sense of beauty without being a better man, and breathing out a sweeter influence than before. It may be, as Socrates declared, that outward beauty is but the emblem or expression of what is lovely, grand or noble in the unseen and spiritual world. Certain it is that they are closely akin, and they act and react upon each other with the most perfect harmony.

Whoever is imbued with the sense of beauty will involuntarily create it around him. It will give a grace to his demeanor, a fitness to his words, a harmonious proportion to his conduct. Good taste and consistency will shine in his domestic arrangements and his business affairs. Unconsciously, by his intercourse, he will develop the same power in others. Partaking of his pleasures and enthusiasm, they also will respond to the beauty around them with fresh joy and fervor. Let us then no longer neglect the culture of this important part of our nature. Let us open our eyes and our hearts to receive all the beauty that they are capable of taking in; let us welcome its pure delights, and hasten to shed them on others; let us give it a place in our daily life and thoughts, and let its presence ever dwell in our homes, to bless and purify them.

How may holiness be obtained? By perpetually acting simple faith in God, and living to him with the whole heart.

Thrift and Old Age.

Mr. W. E. Foster, the English statesman, is perhaps not too sanguine when he predicts that one effect of education will be to encourage thrift. The base of the English workingman, against which friendly societies still still vainly strive, is his inveterate propensity to spend money. There is no country in the civilized world where wages are so quickly swallowed up and with so little to show in return as they are in England; nor is there a single nation in Europe in which the lower classes show such utter recklessness in making provision for old age. Possibly the German workman had the same propensity implanted in him by nature; but if so, it has been crushed out of him, or at least effectually repressed, by a paternal law which compels him to belong to a sort of friendly society officially organized in the district of his domicile. The French peasant and the French artisan are both by nature and habit of a contrary disposition, and the eloquence of Mr. Foster would be superfluous in that country. But the problem how to assimilate the English workman in this respect with the French is one of the pressing difficulties of the age. They cannot do it, as the Prussians have done it, by a coercive law; and all attempts to do it by persuasive means have hitherto had scanty success. Mr. Foster thinks a prize essay or two might do some good. But all the prizes essays ever written could hardly say more, or say it better, than the old fable of the ant and the grasshopper so charmingly illustrated by the pens of the classic moralists from Esop to La Fontaine.

The Price-Tent at Wimbledon.

In leaving the restaurant we passed down what seemed to be the commercial thoroughfare of the camp; the tents were pitched there by enterprising London tradesmen, and stocked with all things that a campaigner, or, indeed, any reasonable person whatever, could desire. And there was a new paper-repository, where the camp might go and read twenty versions of what the outside world thought of it from day to day. But the most popular feature in this quarter was the prize-tent, where were exhibited the prizes which the best marksmen were destined to take home with them at the end of the fortnight. Very costly some of these great pieces of plate must have been; but the design which pleased most was not that in which a silver gentleman, in the best English type, and in volunteer uniform, stands in a modest attitude with his cap off, and his rifle leaning against his shoulder—his good-looking, preventing him from betraying surprise at the close proximity of a Roman centurion in full armor, with one undisciplined foot resting on a dismounted cannon; or from attempting to charge the Imperial crown upon his shoulder, of a well-fed and strongly-built soldier of victory. I like better a vast silver urn from China, almost big enough to take a bath in, though intended only to hold punch; it was climbed over by a number of horribly grotesque and impossible monsters, who incidentally served as handles, and was further covered with a maze of indecipherable and so far as I know—meaningless—figures in low-relief. That punchbowl I was too good for kings or emperors to drink out of; but it might fittingly have been placed before a select party of such men as Anacron, Hanf, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Ben Jonson, Heine, and Charles Lamb. If those congenial spirits could be gotten together for a night, and Hebe be recalled from Olympus to fill the goblets, I know who would like to lean behind the silken curtain, in the marble shadow of the doorway, and gaze and give ear! But I fear no periodical outside of Paris could be found indiscreet enough to publish a full report of their conversation.

No matter—since there is no such symposium to describe. But the Chinese punch-bowl, although I quaffed no drop of wine from it, so went to my head, filling it with all sorts of fantastic and futile notions, that I scarcely again took note of outward things until I found myself walking within the "Victoria" encampment. This is, I believe, a crack corps, as it is certainly an aristocratic one—if that be a recommendation. Around the flag-staff in the centre of the little enclosure were flower-beds full of overplentiful brilliant geraniums; half a dozen big cooking stoves were planted in the dip of the ground a few rods to the south; and, as if to complete the round of sensuous gratifications, an horizontal and a pair of parallel bars were set up near at hand, and a couple of young athletes were going through rival evolutions upon them. As we passed along the front of the tents, and glanced through the open door-slaps, glimpses of cozy interiors were revealed—the greatest amount of comfort packed into the smallest possible space. All the resources of civilization, developed during the course of ages, have not succeeded in evolving anything in the way of a dwelling which can compare for comfortable snugness with a well-pitched tent. In the first place, it is delightful to feel that you are so near being in the open air, while yet you are completely protected from it. You hear the rain patter on the canvas an inch from your head, but it does not wet you; sunshine and shadow pass viv-

bly across your semi-transparent walls

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XXI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2123.

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AN AUTUMN SONG.

Now gently falls the fading light,
The Autumn's sunset veil,
While dusky grows the waning light
Of whip-poor-will and quail.
The grain is bound, the nuts are brown
On every wooded hill;
The light is softened on the down,
And silvered on the rill.
The partridge drums, the plover's call
Salutes the sportsman's ear,
And flutters above the water fall
The fluter sets his woe.
The reddened leaves with withered wings,
Sweep lightly to the sod,
And Autumn walks the land and sings,
With rustling sandals shod.

The Maiden Aunts.

"What an unsatisfactory letter, Matilda! He asks us to give Viola our protection until he can comfort her. Why should he not bring her also?" said Miss Fitch, looking at her older sister in perplexity.

"I am sure, Polly," answered the portly spinster, calmly, "I see nothing unsatisfactory or strange. When is she coming?"

"He has not stated; but from the tone of the letter, I judge, immediately."

"Well, Polly, we must use her very nicely while she stays. Cousin Warren is wealthy and quite distinguished you know."

"Oh, of course, I suppose it is to our interest to treat her politely. But there may be something wrong. I am sure there is, Tilly."

"What could be wrong, Polly, in a visit?" was the impatient response.

"You are always croaking."

"But it does not seem like a visit," persisted the younger spinster, "for we have never been on visiting terms. It looks to me as if there was a sort of necessity involved in her coming."

"Oh, nonsense, Polly."

Their young relative did not come as soon as they expected, and her coming at the end of two weeks surprised them more than the letter had done.

Instead of a girl, half child and half maiden, full of little pranks and airs, and affections, they saw a stately, lovely blonde in heavy mourning, with a look upon her sweet face as if some sudden and mighty sorrow had swept all the brightness out of her life.

"So this is our dear little cousin?" was the gracious and simultaneous inquiry of the spinsters, meeting her at the door where she stood in the golden morning light in a frame of purple morning-glories.

"Why, child—why surely," continued Miss Tilly, glancing in surprise at her garments of black.

"Father is dead," replied the young girl, and even those two hearers, whose natures were not over tender, were touched by the piteous despair of her voice.

"So very sudden! There, don't cry. You shall have some tea and a nice rest, and then tell us all about your troubles."

But it was several days before they heard what they desired so much to know.

"No doubt," they thought, a they lavished obsequious attentions upon their guest, "her father has appointed us her guardians. He must have been worth something like a million at least; and he could give nothing less than ten thousand a piece to us. Warren Torrey was always generous."

But these rosy anticipations were destined to end in a very grave and unpleasant reality.

Warren Torrey had been imprisoned for fraud and forgery, and although believed by many who knew him best to be the innocent victim of a fraud greater than that of which he had been accused, circumstantial evidence was so mightily against him that he despaired of any vindication, and craved by his burden of shame, had ended his own life, leaving only poverty and a dishonored name for his daughter to inherit.

And this was the story Viola faltered forth with tears.

"But I know, and others know, that he never did a wrong deed," she concluded; "he knew that you would be kind to me, as I have no one else to advise me."

The two visages that had been so sympathetic when she began, had, when she ended, become as cold and hard as if frozen under ice.

"We will advise you as kindly as we can," observed Miss Matilda, with an emphasis that chilled and stung the poor creature.

"It will be best for her to board of course, until she gets employment," Tilly said, in a tone telling that the suggestion was the only charity they were inclined to offer.

"It is quite unnecessary to mention that, Polly; Viola is aware of it. What can you do?"

"I think I might teach music, vocal and instrumental," answered the girl, faintly, for she was sick at heart, seeing the change in those from whom she had expected at least a transient shelter, until the shock of her sudden grief should be softened by a genuine and kindly sympathy.

But every accent of the changed voices, and every expression of the changed faces forbade her to hope for anything but ungracious toleration.

"You are only a distant relative," was the silent but forcible feeling of the Misses Fitch, "and you have no claim upon us. You are poor, and we will gain nothing if we keep you, but we will lose much in a social way, for

you are the child of a criminal and a suicide."

This is what Viola was made to understand as thoroughly as if it had been put into the most sneering, cruel and emphatic form of words.

Yet they became kinder when, after a time she proved to be a successful and prosperous music teacher, and mollified them by a liberal monetary consideration for the shelter they had grudgingly given her.

And when a wealthy lady, charmed by her marvelous voice and excellence of ability in teaching, took her back to the city for a more lucrative position, they congratulated her with something like affection.

And in the two years that succeeded they occasionally condescended to send her letters, worthy with that sort of advice that unwedded ladies, neither particularly young nor charming, suppose necessary to a fascinating girl, and especially to one like fair Viola, in the world alone.

But the time came swiftly when Viola felt neither alone nor desolate, nor sorrowful. She was too lovely, amiable and gentle bred not to win admirers. And on the wings of her wonderful voice she arose to a fame and fortune that was as enviable as it was sudden.

It was in the first dawn of her happy days that she met Clarence Averil.

Sweet Viola liked the name, thinking it somewhat romantic and aristocratic, although showing thereby her instinctive, unexpressed animosity to the prejudices of Aunts Tilly and Polly, who had mentioned it very frequently as that of one to whom a deceased sister had been married in opposition to the Fitch pride.

But Frederick Averil, who had made a most unsuccessful runaway marriage with a bonny, brown-eyed Margaret Fitch, had been represented as a worthless scoundrel, who had won his trusty bride by false pretensions of love and riches, and buried her in a foreign land, breaking her heart.

He died soon after, of remorse for his marital cruelty, the spinsters said, and this domestic affliction had wrecked their faith in man, and so they had decided to remain unmarried.

This was what Viola had heard, and perhaps she believed it.

Nevertheless, she chose to love Clarence Averil, even as he loved her, quite heedless of the fact that her own kin had held the name accursed.

She was to be his wife some day, when his pet pictures should bring him a complete conversion, and she was wholly satisfied to wait for that rosy future of which he was so longingly hopeful.

They were boarders in the same house, the sweet singer and the struggling young painter, and it happened one morning, when he was alone in the parlor, that she came to him, a radiant, restless vision in a flutter of white muslin and golden curls, with a wistful smile on her dainty red lips.

"The manager of a traveling troupe has engaged me as a star soprano on my own terms," she cried, breathless with excitement. "My terms rather exceeded his expectations, however, but he yielded, and oh, Clarence! when the season is over and your picture sold."

She stopped in a sudden shy flush and tremor.

Clarence Averil laughed and kissed her, and then looked grave, as lovers will when about to resign companionship that is dearer than words can signify.

"My dear little woman," he said, "after the trials and triumphs, the snarls and sneers, will you come back again, do you think, all my own?"

The girl winced and paled, for she knew that her own kin and kin would sneer her down when they should know that she was a member of a traveling opera. The spinsters would despise her as well as her hard-earned lure.

Lucie. Filthy lure! But it is unfortunately notorious that some of those who righteously emphasize the vulgar adjective, worship the noun as the Pagan does his gods.

Viola was a brilliant success. From town to town, and city to city, praise and adulation followed and preceded her, and gems and hears were cast at her feet.

It so happened at the close of the season, the troupe paused for a week of rest in the picturesque village where here aunts resided.

In a mood of mischief the young prima donna sent an humble letter before her.

"I am coming to visit you for a day or two," she wrote; "will I be welcome?"

The answer came back, rather tardily.

"For a day or two our second cousin will be made comfortable."

Her reception was quite as politely chilling as the answer.

Tilda and Polly were totally unaware of Viola's venture. They thought of her as a presuming young person who intended to improve upon their hospitality by the claim of a distant kinship, and marveled not a little at the fine and stylish raiment she wore with such queenly grace and indifference.

"I tell you what it is, Tilly," said Polly, as they were coming in from a sewing society meeting, "there is something wrong."

"Nonsense, Polly," answered the less narrow-souled spinster. "Two years of city life has made her a bit too fine, and that is all there is about it."

"Tilly," responded the other, with

great solemnity, "you know our nephew will be here to-night. Would you like to have him fall in love with her?"

"What an idea, Polly! Don't be silly. Our nephew, who is worth two or three million dollars, fall in love with a music teacher? Poor sister Margaret. Her runaway marriage would not have been so bad after all, if she could have lived to have seen her boy heir to such a fine fortune. Who ever would have thought that that scapegrace had such a rich father. I wouldn't have been quite so hard with her had I known it."

"But I am not talking of our nephew's father," returned Polly, with great asperity. "I want to know how that girl got her silks and diamonds; not honestly, I wager."

"I leave it to you to get her out of the house before our nephew gets back. He is just the one to fall in love with yellow curls furbelows. And if he marries we will not get much of his money."

"But he will marry some one, some time, I suppose, Polly. It is the way of men," sighed Matilda, putting off her bonnet and following her sister into the parlor, where Viola sat luxuriously in an easy chair, a divine vision of girlhood and grace, robed in white cashmere, with her clond of golden hair, banded with blue, back from her perfect face, and holding a velvet-lined jewel-case, where lay a set of pearls and sapphires, and among them an exquisitely fine portrait of Clarence Averil, upon which her drooping eyes were fondly fixed.

"Where did you get those jewels and that picture?" demanded Polly, white with surprise and anger.

"They were sent to me, cousin," said Viola, flushing rosily.

"Indeed! Viola, to speak my mind plainly, your dress and ways are altogether too fine for a girl in your position."

"I differ with you, cousin Polly," said the girl, quietly, a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes. "I have a handsome salary in the traveling opera troupe stopping at the hotel in the village, and I must dress as my position demands."

"A traveling opera singer? Oh! ejaculated Polly, in pious horror.

"You had better go to your friends at the hotel," said Tilly, sternly. "They are of your own party. We are too respectable to entertain people of that order. We have heard of their character, and not much to their credit."

"Very well," answered Viola, rising. But she was stopped by a strong arm, which held her fast.

Clarence Averil had come in quietly and unseen, and had heard it all.

"I am very sorry that my aunts should disapprove of the lady who is to be my wife," he said, in a voice of scorn and displeasure, "especially for such reasons as I was fortunate enough to hear a few moments ago. It is the way of men to marry, aunt Tilly, and I think a way that is complimentary to their good sense and taste."

Surprised as the spinsters were, they accepted the situation as gracefully as circumstances would permit, and as a token of their contrition, insisted that Viola should be married from their house.

And a handsome present from the newly wedded couple quite established the future good will of the mercenary maiden aunts.

Stone Clothes.

Amianthus or flexible asbestos is beginning to attract a great deal of attention in Europe. It is found in Italy, the Alps, and the Valley Aosta. It is a composite of silica and magnesia, and is incombustible. The ancient understood how to weave the substance, and made lamp wicks from it, and winding sheets for the dead, and when the corpse was placed on the pyre the ashes were found inside. Napoleon the First had two shirts made from the material, which were bleached by fire. Lamp-wicks made of amianthus came much into vogue under the Restoration.

An exhibition has just been opened in the Palace Simonetti, in Rome, in which the Marquis de Bismarck shows that he has attained the skill of the ancients in the manufacture of the material.

The Marquis is working thirty or forty beds of asbestos, and has effected several improvements in its manufacture. He shows it worked into thread and cloth, writing and printing papers, colored and board papers. Writing paper can be made from it at the relatively low price of forty francs per kilogram. This paper is manufactured at Tivoli, and is especially adapted for documents, etc.

Two inventors have discovered a large mine in the Pyrenees and are about to use the output for a variety of purposes and on a large scale. They have manufactured from it amianthus coal, which gives out a great heat, and burns without carbonic acid. As it burns extremely slow it is really very economical. The pulp, they are sure, will be made use of for statues, medallions, and crucibles for the precious metals. One of the largest spinners in France is employing it in the making of calicoes, etc., and, if the article proves satisfactory, will prove of immense service to humanity in preventing accidents from fire.

You cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed upon a grand theatre to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be assured they will augment your power and happiness.

Turkish Money-Borrowers and Lenders.

Money-changing and money-lending are the most profitable occupations here, writes a Constantinople correspondent, next to being grand vizier or a provisional governor. The chances of plunder and extortion in the latter are unlimited and unequalled, and rare in the case in which the retiring functionary, poor though he may have been in the first place, does not retire with overflowing coffers. There is no fixed interest for money. The Koran denounces usury, but no one hesitates to run counter to its precepts when money is needed. The Turks do not amass money. They live frugally, care little for the luxuries of life, and are satisfied if they make both ends meet. Those who are rich have made their money in office, under the favoritism of the Sultan or patrons in power. While their easy-acquired fortune lasts they lead a merry life, with a well selected harem, an elegant yali on the Bosphorus, and a spacious konak in town. Their outlays in the way of presents to the dignitaries of the state, to the servants of their patrons, and in political intrigues, and dowries on their sons and daughters to marry them well, soon run them in debt. Recourse must then be had to some Armenian saraf or money broker. Notes of hand, indorsed or not, don't serve. The only sufficient security is a collateral in the shape of jewels, precious stones, plate, gold snuff-boxes encrusted with diamonds that have been received in gift from the Sultan, or some other objects of tangible value. Before the negotiation is concluded the quality of every object must be tested, the intrinsic and average selling value ascertained, and then the money is lent on such terms that there is a large chance of profit and none of loss. The discount may be thirty per cent, or fifty even, and when the loan is for a term of years the interest is rarely less than twenty-five per cent. Deeper and deeper the borrower gets in debt; loan follows on loan, with few collaterals pledged, until there is nothing left to give as security. Then the creditor realizes. He puts the precious articles on sale in the jewelry department of the great bazar at Stamboul, or he sells them to a merchant there, and perhaps he gets one of the amulatory auctioneers that frequent the bazaar to cry them off to the highest bidder, as he urges his way through the crowded avenues of that mart of trade. In every event, he is sure to come out with a handsome gain. Never was the bazar richer than it is now in rare, curious and valuable jewelry, gold ornaments, swords of honor, diamonds, necklaces, and the spoils of bankrupt harems and palaces.

Weeping Widows.—Asserting the Claims of Affection—Mixed Mourning.

The widows of Brigham Young are doing as well as could be expected, perhaps, but that is not very well. It is customary in civilized nations for the widow to go to the grave of the departed one at the hour of sunset, and, shielding a few tears and arranging the inevitable flowers, to go away with her handkerchief to her eyes. The widows of Mr. Young adopted this beautiful custom as one woman, and, owing to absence of the police and a lack of the regulations imperatively necessary in the premises, there arose much confusion. The first to visit the grave, oddly enough, was the last that was wedded to the excessive husband. She had hardly settled herself, and begun to ooze, when there appeared on the melancholy scene two others, each armed with a watering-pot.

"What do you want here?" she said to the intruders in a low voice much obstructed by tears. "Is not my grief sacred from the intrusion of the hollow world? Depart and leave me with my dead!"

The invaders had been weeping likewise, but the surprise they experienced drove back the unbidden tears. "Well, here's impudence!" they said one to another. "Your dead, indeed! How long pray, had you been married to our dear husband?"

"Two happy, happy years!" said the kneeling widow, sobbing violently. "And he was always good to me. My heart is breaking! I wish you would go away."

"Did you ever hear the like of this?" said the intruders one to another. "Only two years; and our dear husband was wedded to us nearly a quarter of a century. And yet this upstart would drive us away from this sacred spot, this apartment would say that we, who passed the larger part of our lives with the sweet one who has passed away, have naught which memory is bound to respect."

"He was more mine than yours!" said the hollow voice of a woman a little distance off. "He was more mine than any other person's in this world. I tell you! Thirty years ago we lighted our troth, and there was uninterrupted happiness between us up to his death. I put the last plaster on his noble breast, and it was this hand that gave him his last spoonful of pargoric. Stand aside and let me weep upon his grave!"

"Not so fast!" exclaimed a lady of much age and fatness, who had just appeared, barring the onward movement of the last speaker with her trembling hand. "If there is any question as to rights here, let my white hairs speak for me. Bear in mind, you sinful things, the old remark that age should be permitted to go before beauty. He was my husband in his youth, and I

can not forego my rights now that he is gone. Let me weep first upon his grave, even if you forbid me the sacred privilege of remaining there for a continuous gush."

"That fat thing!" exclaimed a still older and very thin lady, pushing her way to the front. "That odious person? Never! never! My dear husband always hated her. He has told me so repeatedly. 'I pray that this disgusting argument may cease!' said a firm but fine voice. 'My dear husband would not like it. It is not respectful. Whatever other affections my dear husband may have had, it is well known that I was his favorite. As such he told me all his secrets. Many is the time he has said to me, in the confiding innocence of his noble nature, 'Amelia, I would that they were all gone but you.' Surely no lady will have the hardihood to defile his grave with her tears after this. Neither age nor youth as such can have a place at my dear husband's tomb. Stand back, all of you! I know my rights." We draw a veil over the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that tears, watering-pots, bits of hair and shrieks were painfully conspicuous. The sacred spot was profaned with actions which shame the contending armies of the east, and peace was restored only through the vigorous intercession of several of the brethren of the church. A compromise was effected after a few days, but thus far even that does not work satisfactorily. The grave was divided into 19 imaginary sections, each distinguished by a white post a little distance off, marked respectively "Number 1," "Number 2," etc. These sections were sold to the widows at auction, the receipts to be given to the church. Of course the richest widow got the best section, and so on down through the list, and it may well be imagined that the best feelings of the human heart are thereby trifled with, though it is impossible to see how it is to be avoided. The mourning goes on at sunset, but it is not regular and easy, and the proprieties are often violated.

"Get off my dress," says number 3, poking her elbow spitefully into the side of number 5.

"Stop stopping your tears over my section!" exclaims number 7 to number 10.

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LOVE SONG.

If I were a violet, a sweet white violet,
Growing in the sun and in the dew,
Struggling through the cold spring-time,
Hard beset by cruel rime,
I should surely blow for you.

If I were a rose, Love, a great red-hearted rose
Blushing on my stem, as roses do:
After tedious, sad delays,
In the first warm summer days
I would sweeten life for you.

If I were a daisy, a golden-hearted daisy,
Shining in the field a season through;
With my petals you should spell
That I love you, love you well,
With my whole heart, only you!

The Equestriennes;

—OR—

How an Accident Caused two Weddings.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

"Are you going to the fair to-morrow, Hal?"

"Fair? What sort of a fair, and where is it?"

"An Agricultural Fair, in Hawley, ten miles out of town. Among other attractions is an equestrian match for ladies."

"I don't know as I consider that a very attractive feature. In fact, I am not particularly partial to horses."

"Nor ladies either, you might say," laughed his friend. "But I am going and want you to accompany me."

"I suppose you'll fall in love with the successful competitor—perhaps a buxom country lass, with rustic manners, and immense hands and feet."

"Nonsense, Hal. Don't horrify me before we start. But what do you say? You'll go, won't you?"

"I'll think of it," said his friend, in a tone which implied consent. "I suppose you'll need some one to look after you."

"And you consider yourself fully competent, I suppose. Well, we won't quarrel about that. Will you be ready to take the eight o'clock train?"

"I think so. What time does the contest take place?"

"At 9 o'clock, I believe. We shall be in ample season."

The next morning found the two young men on their way to Hawley. As they entered the fair grounds, they found a large number of persons already assembled there.

"I suppose Fred," said his companion, "that you are interested that you will want to marry the victor."

"That depends on circumstances. But I always said that I wouldn't marry anyone who wasn't a good horseman."

"Ah! here they come," said Hal, as a party of ladies galloped up to the entrance. Fred Harrington looked at them critically.

"Do you notice the third one from the front, Hal? Observe how gracefully she sits and what a noble air she has."

The young lady who had attracted Fred's attention was Clara Russell, daughter of one of the leading physicians of the place. She rode a handsome black horse which her father had given her on her fifteenth birthday. She had always ridden a great deal and was an accomplished horsewoman.

"She is very pretty, I grant, and sits well, but she isn't my style. She seems to be well satisfied that she is a good rider, and wishes to impress the fact on those around her. But behind all the rest, you will see a graceful little form, on a magnificent bay horse. She is my beau ideal of beauty."

"Yes; she is a bonnie lass. And I am somewhat acquainted with her, too, so I can give you an introduction, if you wish."

"But who is she? I confess to have considerable curiosity on that point."

"Her name is Olive Sinclair. She is a daughter of Philip Sinclair, the teacher. They live in a bird-nest of a cottage, at the foot of the hill as you enter Hawley. She was taken sick a year ago (some kind of fever I think it was) and got up very slowly from it. After she began to gain, Dr. Russell said she ought to ride on horseback two or three times a week. A kind neighbor gave her the use of his horse and she is now quite an accomplished equestrienne."

"She will gain the prize to-day, I think."

"Don't be too sure. Miss Russell certainly has the advantage over her, for while Miss Sinclair's horse is a noble looking animal, that of Miss Russell's is light and agile, and better fitted for speed."

"They are going around to the starting point," said Hal, changing his position in order to observe them better. "It seems to me your interest has increased wonderfully since we reached Hawley," said Fred, looking towards his companion with a smile.

"Perhaps so," said Hal in an absent way. "But see, they are all ready to start."

Just then the signal was given, and away went the fair riders. Most of the horses were gaily decorated with ribbons. The ladies, too, wore gay plumes and flowing robes and altogether formed quite an attractive picture.

The contest took place in a large field on an elevation, a short distance from the village. Beyond could be seen the church, post-office and store.

The first round, Clara came in a few seconds in advance of the rest of

the party. This had a tendency to make her self-confident, and she incautiously allowed her horse to remain but a trifle in advance of the others, thinking to spur on, when near the goal, and come out ahead with quite a flourish.

But she found, when too late, that she had been unwise, for Olive Sinclair gained on her and came out victorious.

The third time Clara made quite an effort, having seen that Olive's horse was capable of better speed than she had supposed. But it was in vain, for this time, too, Olive gained upon her, and Clara was left behind.

Still there was hope, for the next time round, Clara was victorious again. The contest now seemed to be entirely between Clara and Olive, and the other aspirants withdrew.

This time would be the final trial. Both girls were ambitious to succeed, and each urged her horse to the utmost.

Just part of the way Clara was ahead. This encouraged her. She continued to keep the advantage she had gained, and had nearly reached the goal, when she beheld a gentleman who had followed her with admiring glances during the trial. He waved his handkerchief, as if urging her to her utmost speed.

Clara was pleased at receiving public attention from such a good-looking gentleman. She had noticed his admiring glances, and now, although time was precious, she turned toward, inclined her head and smiled.

It was an unfortunate movement for her, which she held in her right hand, it touched her horse's neck, though lightly. He was quivering with excitement, and the moment he felt the whip he sprang forward with such a sudden start that Clara was unseated.

As she fell, her veil caught in the saddle, and although she fell in a sitting posture, that did not avail, for she was dragged several yards before her horse was stopped.

A dozen persons sprang forward to her assistance. Clara looked for the gentleman who had been the cause of her fall, and beheld him in his former position, chatting gaily with a young lady. He seemed to be utterly unconscious of the accident which had befallen her. She afterwards learned that he was married, and that, instead of waving his handkerchief at her, he was making signals to his wife, who was in another part of the field, to come to him.

She was filled with indignation at his heartless conduct. Turning from him in disgust, she beheld Fred Harrington coming toward her. His face showed solicitude as he said:

"I fear you have received injury from your fall, Miss Russell."

"Oh, no. I think not," said Miss Clara, attempting to rise. But she found that she had injured her foot so that she was unable to bear her weight upon it.

"I believe I have hurt my foot a little in my fall," she replied, "and I fear that I must trouble you to lead my horse to me, that I may mount and return home before it begins to pain me, Mr. Harrington."

"Harrington," said Fred, bowing. "But are you willing to trust yourself on the horse again, to-day, Miss Russell?"

"Oh, yes," said she. "I have to thank myself for the fall I have received. My attention was directed to another portion of the field at that moment, and the accidental touch of the whip caused my sudden start."

"At least allow me to escort you home; if anything should happen, you are in no condition to help yourself."

"I very thankfully accept your proffered assistance," said Clara, pleased at receiving his attentions. "I live but a short distance from here. It is in the white house yonder, just opposite the church."

The young man attended Clara home. The interview was mutually agreeable, and when he left her he asked permission to call again. Clara blushingly granted his request, and the man withdrew.

Meantime Olive, who had reached the goal about the time of Clara's fall, was pronounced the victor, and the silver cup was presented to her as the successful competitor.

Her friends crowded up to offer her congratulations. At a little distance from them stood Henry Danforth, looking on with interest, and wishing that chance might bring about an acquaintance with the young lady.

But it did not seem probable that such a thing would happen, for Olive was a general favorite, and seemed to have many admirers who were not very ready to leave her. However, one by one they gradually withdrew, until but two remained. Olive soon boded farewell to those two, and turned her horse's head toward home. She was obliged to pass directly by the tree under which Henry was standing. He mentally wished that some good impulse might prompt her to speak to him.

As she passed along Hal's eyes were fixed upon her. She seemed not to notice him, but was apparently in a deep study, when a cheery voice was heard near by, saying:

"Where away now, Miss Olive? Cannot you stop and permit an old friend to offer his congratulations?"

Olive looked around and beheld Fred Harrington hastening toward her. She checked her horse and awaited his coming. Henry Danforth's eye lighted with pleasure as he recognized his friend's voice, and he came toward Olive as his friend drew near.

"Ah! you here too, Hal? This is my friend, Mr. Danforth, Miss Sinclair. I was just looking for him when my eyes fell upon you."

"I missed you," said Henry, "but some one told me you had gone home with Miss Russell, so I have been wandering round and have not seen a familiar face since you left me."

"Then you are a stranger here, Mr. Danforth?" said Olive.

"I am here for the first time to-day. But you do not return to-night, Mr. Harrington; you must certainly come with your friend and pass the evening with us. Father will be delighted to see you."

"I think, if Hal is willing, we might do so by taking the late train."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," said Hal with a beaming countenance.

The two young men passed the evening at the Sinclair cottage. Henry Danforth was pleased with Mr. Sinclair—whom he found to be a man of refinement and cultivation—and his admiration for Olive was unbounded.

Rumor says that there is to be a double wedding soon at Hawley. Certain it is that Fred and Hal are frequent visitors at that place; and there is a great deal of whispering between Olive and Clara, about dresses, trappings and flowers.

It was all brought about by going to an Agricultural Fair. Let all single readers beware of such entertainments, or submit to the inevitable consequences.

We climbed the high pyramid erected by the Belgians on Mount St. Jean, writes a foreign correspondent, as a foundation for their gigantic lion monument, marking the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound, as well as the central point of the conflict, and from its summit had a superb view of the whole field of battle. I was struck with its limited extent compared with our own great battle-fields, and with the near distance at which the opposing lines approached each other, rendered possible by the inaccurate, haphazard, flint-locked muskets, and the light-calibered, short-reaching, smooth-bore artillery of that day; but quite impossible with the far-reaching arms of precision and rapid fire, and the rifled ordnance and mitrailleuses of the present time. Why, the Quarters Generales, or headquarters of the opposing forces, were but ten minutes' walk, or a mile's distance apart! Right below was the field (now cut up into various crops, like a carpet) on which the undaunted British squares formed to meet the final desperate charge; when Kellermann's veteran dragoons and cuirassiers and Guyot's gallant lancers, burning with reckless, unavailing valor, rode and whirled round and round the serried bayonets and volleying muskets of the immovable squares, desperately but fruitlessly striving to enter; a thing that can be done no more in these days of the "Chassepot," the "Mauser," the "Winchester," and the "Springfield." The days of cavalry charges upon infantry squares are over, and gone forever; mounted troops are now useful only as swift moving riflemen, or as scouts, videttes, and couriers for the heavier masses. Here was the very spot where British obstinacy and bull dog tenacity and the fiery enthusiasm and *elan* of the French were displayed in their utmost perfection.

Where *ex* fell in his despairing fight, and *ex* and *ex* to the ground with their guns.

Further on to the left was the dread-Sunken Road of Ohain, so graphically described by Victor Hugo, where the gallant French cuirassiers, riding recklessly to the charge and never dreaming of this terrible obstacle, pressing forward impudently to meet the foe, piled one above the other, horse and man, pell-mell, heaps on heaps, in the narrow, deep abyss, a dreadful La Haye Sainte, taken and retaken with desperate valor, and finally captured by the French, looked as peaceful and unimpaired as if the blast of war had never come near it. I was impressed with the weakness of Wellington's position (I mean in natural, defensible) compared with that of *ex* at Gettysburg or the Confederates at Fredericksburg or the French at Spicheren in 1871, when their terrible lines were so gallantly stormed, but at such fearful loss, by the Prussians. From reading the accounts of the battle one is led to look for steep heights and precipitous ravines, but here are only gently rolling activities with marshy intervals, and nothing in anywise deserving the name of a hill. — From a Foreign Letter.

None Alike.

Is it not wonderful that no two things in all this world are alike. Not even two blades of grass or two leaves of a tree? Two children often look much alike, and even the parents are sometimes puzzled to tell which is which, but each will have some mark to show that he is himself and nobody else. And what a wise provision of nature this is! If everybody was like his neighbor, who could transact any kind of business? Nobody could be sure that he was delivering goods to the right man, or asking the proper person to pay a bill, or that any certain individual had committed a crime. It is easy to see that such an arrangement would entirely upset society, and each man would have to get along by himself as best he might. It is well that we each have a distinguishing mark.

Horse Breaking in Buenos Ayres.

The horses having been brought together, as I have said, into the corral, were driving round the inclosure at full gallop. Six gauchos, armed with the lasso, then entering the ring, and singling out a mare or a foal, threw their lassos at the animal in such a manner as to catch both the front legs. The horse, being caught by the fore-legs, falls over on the shoulder with a heavy thud, and must always receive a serious, if not a permanent injury.

The gaucho, holding the legs firmly, proceeds to make a circle round the fallen animal. He gradually succeeds in catching one of the hind legs, draws it close to the forelegs, and so binds the three together. After this the horse is powerless. After witnessing for some time the dexterity with which the lasso can be used, the stallion which had been herded with the troop of mares was singled out and captured. He had never been ridden before; and we were now to see an exhibition of the rare skill and courage in the saddle for which the gaucho horsemen are famous.

The horse, having been thrown by means of the lasso, as it has already been explained, the process of saddling and bridling shall be described in the graphic and accurate language of Mr. Darwin: "The gaucho, sitting on the horse's neck, fixes a bridle without a bit to the lower jaw; this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong fastened by a slip knot. The lasso which bound the three together being then loosened, the horse rises with difficulty. The gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head while the first puts on the horse-cloths. When the saddling is finished the animal is, from fear and previous exertion, white with foam and sweat." The process, as described by Mr. Darwin, was closely followed in the present instance. A sheepskin, however, was substituted for a saddle, and the donador, or horse-breaker only used the stirrup to mount his horse. Before he was saddled the horse made tremendous struggles to get free, but a powerful and active gaucho, arrayed in a red shirt, black riding-boots, his long black hair streaming in the wind—altogether a most striking and picturesque personage—held him firmly by the halter, and by the exertion of great muscular strength was enabled to resist the struggle. At length the donador mounted his lather-to unriden charger. The lasso was cast loose from the fore legs, and the animal, pursued by a gaucho on horseback, who plied him sharply with a whip, and harassed by a troop of dogs barking furiously at his heels, was free to do his utmost to throw his rider.

The great object was to keep the horse in constant and rapid movement. While at a hard gallop, the horse could neither kick nor plunge in such a manner as to disturb the equilibrium of an accomplished horseman; but when, as it happened, from time to time the horse stopped abruptly, arched his back, threw his head down, and then made a great back jump, executing, in a strange way, a figure of 8 in mid-air, alighting on his fore legs, and with his hind legs kicking desperately, it required horsemanship and muscular power of no ordinary kind on the part of his rider to keep his seat unshaken.

The donador scarcely touched the bridle; but he clasped the horse with a grip of iron, his knees were buried deep in the sheepskin saddle, and his bare heels were fixed as firmly as with a vice under the horse's belly. After many a desperate rush, many a vehement struggle, and many furious gallops to and fro, guided in his mad, erratic course by the lash of his rider, and th attendant gaucho, the wild horse was brought back to the corral, exhausted, and for the moment subdued by the power of his rider and his own unaccustomed efforts. After witnessing this most remarkable feat of horsemanship, we bade farewell to our host, and returning to the railway, escorted by Col. Donovan. We owe much to his kindness in preparing for our visit.— The Nineteenth Century.

Meissonier, the Artist.

Born in the midst of bags of sugar and cinnamon, in a West India goods store, his father wished him to succeed him in business and continue a fortune prospectively acquired in weighing American produce. One of those irresistible vocations to which we owe many of our celebrated men, drove him to painting. In spite of his father, he gave himself up entirely; he braved maledictions and prophecies of evil, he braved privations and persevered through and against everything. They gave him an allowance of 15 francs a month, thinking to subdue him by famine. He held out his resolution and stoicism reached martyrdom. He often sat down to the family dinner, dying of hunger, but not touching a thing to conceal his wretchedness and to avoid being persecuted by comparisons between what he had rejected and what he had chosen.

He made a few drawings, and offered them to the dealers. All were rejected. He knew their value, and took such a grudge against the dealers, that he swore never to sell them anything when they should come and beg for his work; this

is why you never find a scrap of paper with his signature in their shops, if there are any, they do not come directly from him.

He did not have to wait long for success; Meissonier was appreciated almost immediately. He soon took the place he has ever since maintained.

One of the master's best pictures represents a barricade in 1848. He painted it from nature, which he constantly follows. He made his studies for it under fire, for he is brave as a lion, notwithstanding his small stature.

An indefatigable worker, he sits down to his easel at dawn, and does not leave it till dark. He uses an ordinary brush, and his unaided eyesight to produce those marvellous details which might be looked at through a magnifying glass. In 1857 he went to Dresden. He had only one day to see the Museum in. The galleries were closed. He vainly insisted on his claim as a stranger and an artist. It would have been necessary to address the Director of Fine Arts, and that would take more time than he had at his disposal. If he had given his name all the doors would have been thrown open to this European celebrity. He refused to do so, because, in

THE AND SANDS

BEHOLD, UPON THE
SUNDAY, DEC. 20th, 1877.

CALHOUN COLLEGE.—On every hand the patrons of this Institution express themselves as highly pleased with the progress of their children during the past session. The examination was conducted most fairly, any one of the audience being privileged to take the text books and question the classes at random as far as they had gone during the session. There had been no reviewing and consequently no cramming for the occasion. During the exercises of the last day, the County Grange was present in a body, and has since testified in most complimentary resolutions its appreciation of the thorough system of instruction employed by the faculty. Friday evening was given up to compositions and speeches on the part of the pupils and addresses from any of the audience who might desire to speak or who should be called out. After the speeches and compositions of the pupils, Capt. James Crook was called out, and for fifteen or twenty minutes entertained his cultivated audience by remarks highly practical throughout and at times eloquent. He enforced the necessity of a unity of sentiment on the part of our people, as to the support and sustenance of the school and enlarged upon the advantages of Jacksonville as an educational centre—the scenery—the health of the place—the moral and refined community—the high character of the faculty of the college as educators &c. &c.

After the close of Capt. Crook's address, Mr. Wallace W. Woodward, upon invitation of the Principal, advanced to the rostrum and addressed the young men of the college especially. His address, though impromptu, was highly appropriate and at times characterized by the loftiest eloquence. His theme was well chosen and gave scope for the brilliant utterances that from time to time fell from his lips. Education as a power in the elevation of the State, was the central idea of his address. He enforced the truth that alone, through the efforts of the educated youth of the South our mother country would in future rise from the ashes of her humiliation and degradation and occupy that splendid page in history destined for her by the God of Nations; and he sought to impress it upon the young men of Calhoun college and have them realize the fact that they themselves were some of the chosen instruments of Providence for this sublime work. After the close of the exercises, we heard a gentleman, in whose judgment we have great confidence, say there was the making of a great orator in him.

But in giving these addresses this notice, (not all commensurate with the merit and excellence of either) we have been led away from our main design, and that was the past progress and future prospects of the college. Prior BORDEN will begin the session of the new year with an enlarged faculty, and the highest promise of a very large attendance. From all around we hear of parties who design moving in for the purpose of giving their children educational advantages, and we do not think the session will open with a number less than a hundred. The school is an assured success. The satisfaction of parents is general. Our people are a unit on the school question for the first time in years. It has the powerful moral and material support of the Country Grange. Then why should not the Orange College become one of the most distinguished educational institutions in Alabama? It will.

Our subscribers are paying up better this season, than at any time for years, and we assure them we appreciate it most highly, for at no time in years have we needed it more. Let the good work go on until the last delinquent has discharged his duty, and the publishers will respond by trying to give their subscribers a better paper next year than at any previous time.

The situation along the Rio Grande has changed for the better. The Mexican and American troops have recently co-operated in forming a fresh trail of border robbers some distance on the Mexican side. It is stated that the best of feeling existed between the soldiers of the two countries.

A GOOD WAR SIGN.—We heard that twenty births have occurred within a radius of ten miles of Jacksonville within the last two months, and that nineteen of the twenty are boys.

Mr. B. B. NUNNELY, of Morrisville, has the honor to be the foremost man on our subscription book in advance payment, he being about one year and nine months ahead.

We see occasionally Bailiff's Sales and applications for roads, stuck up in writing at the Court House door. Under a law of the last Legislature all such notices have to be published in a newspaper, and sales and applications made in any other way are illegal. In the one case the purchaser gets no legal title and the Bailiff renders himself liable; in the other case the Commissioners Court cannot legally consider such application. It is better in all instances for public officers and private parties to observe the law.

When a man comes to town, gets drunk and leaves his horse standing tied up for over twenty-four hours without water or food, people are apt to consider the horse the better, brute of the two. In such cases the ordinances should direct the marshal to take the horse to the livery stable, have him cared for, and released only when the owner shall have paid all reasonable charges.

We hope all our readers have had a merry Christmas.

The Auditor's Report

We are indebted to Auditor BORDEN for his report to the Governor, covering transactions for the fiscal year ending September 30th last. The report contains many valuable suggestions to which we hope at a future time to refer more at length.

The condition of the State Treasury at the date of report, is reported as follows:

Balance 1st October, 1876	\$54,967.32
Receipts since, to date	\$79,592.21
To be accounted for	1,034,559.53
Disbursements to date	\$89,904.96
Balance in Treasury	\$53,955.47

Included in the receipts and disbursements, is the sum of \$197,791.97, which was received by tax collectors and paid out for the schools in the different counties. The report speaks as follows of the outlook:

This exhibit of an increased balance over last year is highly satisfactory, though the increase is not large. It is made in the face of a reduction of half the rate of taxation of the year 1874, and a further reduction of the rate of taxation of the previous year (1875) and at a time when the value of property of all kinds has steadily shrunk as the currency of the country has been diminished in volume. It is due almost wholly—and no not amiss to say so—to the praiseworthy frugality now perceptible in our branch of the State Government. Since the tax-paying citizens have come into full control of the State Government, through the new constitution and statutes of the year 1874, 1875, and 1876, which curtail or modify every expense, and it has been the chief aim of the present administration to enforce the economy and thrift which these measures were meant to impose. The effect of this course has been to give the public confidence at home and abroad, in the honorable purposes and superior capabilities of the State; a fact which is strikingly shown in the appreciation of her funded liabilities, as the 8 per cent. obligations are being absorbed as an investment by citizens of the State and the new 5 and 6 per cent. bonds have advanced in value at least 20 per cent. within the past few months.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

It will be seen that the compromise offered by the State has been accepted by nearly all of the holders of the bonds, & others will doubtless make the exchange at an early day. When all have done so the full amount will not exceed \$9,668,423 which includes the 1,000,000 of "obligations." The constitution forbids any augmentation of the State debt beyond the sum of \$10,000,000, and therefore the figures preceding may be taken as the extreme limit. So long as the existing organic and statutory laws are in force, for the act (No. 38) to ratify and confirm the settlement and adjustment of the debt, approved 23d February 1876, does not provide for the recognition of any other claims against the State.

WHAT THE DEBT CONSISTS OF.

As it will be left by the adjustment or compromise, the debt is made up in the main by the old before-reconstruction funded debt, as the following statement shows:

Old bonded debt	\$5,054,713.59
Debt incurred since July 13th, 1865	3,041,309.50
Debt incurred for Railway companies	1,542,500.00
Total	\$9,638,523.09
Patron certificates	37,255.00
Grand total	\$9,675,778.09

England's Preparations for War

It is at a late hour that England prepares to make her voice heard and her power felt in the mortal struggle of Turkey against Russian invasion. It is after the Russian flag has been raised on the Ploesti and over Rumania, when Turkish resources are running to exhaustion, when even in the unpunishing course of the Turks is of but slight avail, and when Turkey has called upon the powers of Europe to consider the situation. England has stood aloof from her old ally, even while admitting that the battle was in many respects her own. She failed to give her power support at the Constantinople Conference, failed again when Russia issued her declaration of war, failed yet again when the invading armies crossed the Danube, and it was only when Gen. GORTCHAKOFF appeared south of the Balkans that she would permit the seizure of Constantinople. All this time, when the crisis has been reached, when Russia threatens to destroy Turkey, divide her territory, reduce her provinces to vassalage and establish Russian supremacy in the Balkans, Turkey is crying for help, and England finds that she must say something, or do something, if she would not utterly lose her power and place in the politics of the world. It is when times like these are upon us that her power is promptly shown and enforced, will not even be made a subject of inquiry, that she proposes seriously to consider the situation. The German Government and several of the other continental Governments, tacitly support the policy of the plans of Russia and it is England that must take the initiative in a new line of action if Russian aggression is to be checked at any point whatever.

It is the CLAYTONS crusade that has paralyzed the British Government. It is he who has led the sentimentalists and philanthropists whose outer-edges against Turkey have drowned the voice that would otherwise have been heard on the Danube. It is he who has thwarted the Queen's Government at every step, thus promising hopeful results for peace and Turkish independence. It is he who has encouraged Russian license, and sustained the Russian armies in crushing Turkey. He has humiliated his country for turning his eye out of power, and has added in creating the enemy, which his country has most reason to fear. Whether he will now sustain the Russian demand for Armenia, and for the Turkish fleet, and for the control of the Dardanelles, whether he will oppose the Ministerial policy of defending Constantinople and rendering secure the Straits Canal, remains to be seen.

The two Houses of Parliament will meet next month, earlier than usual, and if DISRAELI's policy be then defeated in the House of Commons, Russia will have free and open field in which to carry her will. It is reported that there are dissensions in the Ministry, and it does not yet appear that any of the continental Governments are prepared to sustain a line of policy that will secure the independence of Turkey. Yet if England enters the field she is very sure of a united Ministry, a vigorous public support, and powerful allies.

N. Y. Sun.

TASKER'S Gazette: "Wherever the whipping post is established crime has decreased. Where it is not offences against the law are on the increase. The Jacksonville Republicans hope the legislative body of this state will take the whipping post in hand, and so do we."

His First Gong

We once heard a young man from the country—afterward a successful and powerful merchant—describe the effect which the ringing of the first gong he ever heard (it was at the Astor House, then recently opened) had upon his ears and upon his mind. It was a most amusing story, and we could recall it in all its graphic details; but in the mean time, we shall permit the following to do duty in its place. The scene is Richmond, in "Old Dominion," and the hero, a resident of one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, has come up to the state capital on his first visit, to sell his crop, see the sights, and rub off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetting up" has thrown about his manners. He reached Richmond for so early in the morning that he found the city at an advantageous rate, almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at the "crack house" of the place, and thither he at once repaired, and having done so, he retired to his room.

Just before dinner, his friend called upon him, and found him comfortably situated in a room just at the head of the first flight of stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Supposing we take something to start an appetite?" said the bustling man, who had just come down.

"Agreed," rejoined his city friend; "a glass of wine and a bit of beef."

"Let us go down to the bar and get it," said the country fellow, who had been told that the city was "a fine place."

"We might as well have it up here," said the other.

"Good luck; but how are we to call for it?"

"Why, call for it there."

"What bell?"

"Why, pull that cord that you see hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk—and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never did he hear such a sound before, and the rattling, rumbling, swelling roar and crash which came upon him with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! what a smash! I've broken every plate and bowl in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," he cried to his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole ear won't pay half the breakage. What did you tell me to do? I pulled that cord, and now I'm in a fix. I've broken every plate and bowl in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," he cried to his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole ear won't pay half the breakage. What did you tell me to do? I pulled that cord, and now I'm in a fix. I've broken every plate and bowl in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," he cried to his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole ear won't pay half the breakage. What did you tell me to do? I pulled that cord, and now I'm in a fix. I've broken every plate and bowl in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! 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